



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

A NUMBER of the best edited papers which circulate amongst the thinking class in the United States were bringing prominently into view, when the disturbance in China became serious, the fact that missionaries and other foreigners in the Celestial Empire were not conducting themselves in a manner likely to make them personae gratae to the authorities. From the Department of State at Washington comes information that nearly a million dollars a year is expended by consuls and ministers to defend the conduct of United States missionaries in foreign countries, and to urge their claims for damages against governments which neither invited nor welcomed them. Of course the missionary spirit is doubtless a good one, but the consuls and foreign ministers who report to Washington state that the majority of complaints they receive as to matters which they are forced to adjust, "are frivolous and entirely unworthy the attention of anyone but the busybodies who create the rows which business men have to settle." Since these reports, of course much more serious riots have occurred, and such outrages have been perpetrated that no government can overlook them. I speak of them merely to point out that as embroilers of so-called heathen countries the missionaries are perhaps the most active people in the business. Possibly it is because I lose sight of the idea that they are presumed to be fulfilling a divine mission, but I cannot satisfactorily explain to myself, and shall not attempt to explain to my readers, why men should go into a country owned and administered by a foreign and unfriendly power, and start to assert themselves as if they were the "whole push." Doubtless they feel that they have diplomatists and gunboats at their backs, but this does not explain nor excuse the intrusion. It may be all right to seek converts to Christianity in opposition to public opinion and the influence and predilections of a government, yet somehow it seems like awfully bad manners, and bad manners are always sure to produce a reaction of some sort.

Moreover, the discussion of the whole missionary business as a row-provoker has led a number of correspondents, clerical and otherwise, to address themselves to leading newspapers in the United States, in which they say that the average missionary, instead of being the hard-worked, persecuted and self-sacrificing evangelist he appears to be in missionary reports, is generally a man or a woman who lives very comfortably, in fact more comfortably than with his talents he could possibly hope to live at home. "As proof of this," says a San Francisco paper, "it is only necessary to quote a few items from the bill which our Government is now trying to collect from the Sultan of Turkey. And, by the way, if that is a just claim, why was it scaled down two-thirds, and why has it been held back until just before a Presidential election? One preacher (missionary) puts in a claim for seventy-two dollars worth of shoes, eight hundred and seventy-nine dollars worth of clothing (why not an even eight hundred and eighty dollars?) and three hundred and fifty-nine dollars worth of bedding—another case of being too honest to lie for a dollar. A lady missionary claims compensation for seventy-six dollars worth of footwear, eleven hundred and thirty-eight dollars worth of clothing, two hundred and fifteen dollars worth of bedding and three hundred dollars worth of pictures and photographs; while her reverend papa is 'out' thirty-one hundred and forty-two dollars in clothing, ten hundred dollars in furniture and twenty-two hundred dollars in notes and bonds. The personal effects of this last individual aggregate a total of nine thousand dollars. Evidently the Biblical injunction to take no heed of 'what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, nor where-with ye shall be clothed' was not considered by this band of exiles."

"I only throw these things out as suggestions, believing that Chinamen, whether they are Boxers or just ordinary laundrymen, are perhaps not more liable than other people to be nasty to their neighbors if their neighbors show sufficient tact to mind their own business and leave that of other people absolutely alone. The situation is doubtless greatly mixed, but looking at it from a civil point of view in the present crisis, we cannot really, as a matter of etiquette, discover very much difference between the Russian intriguer who wants some territory, and the Christian missionary who wants some people, if the ambitions of both result so similarly."

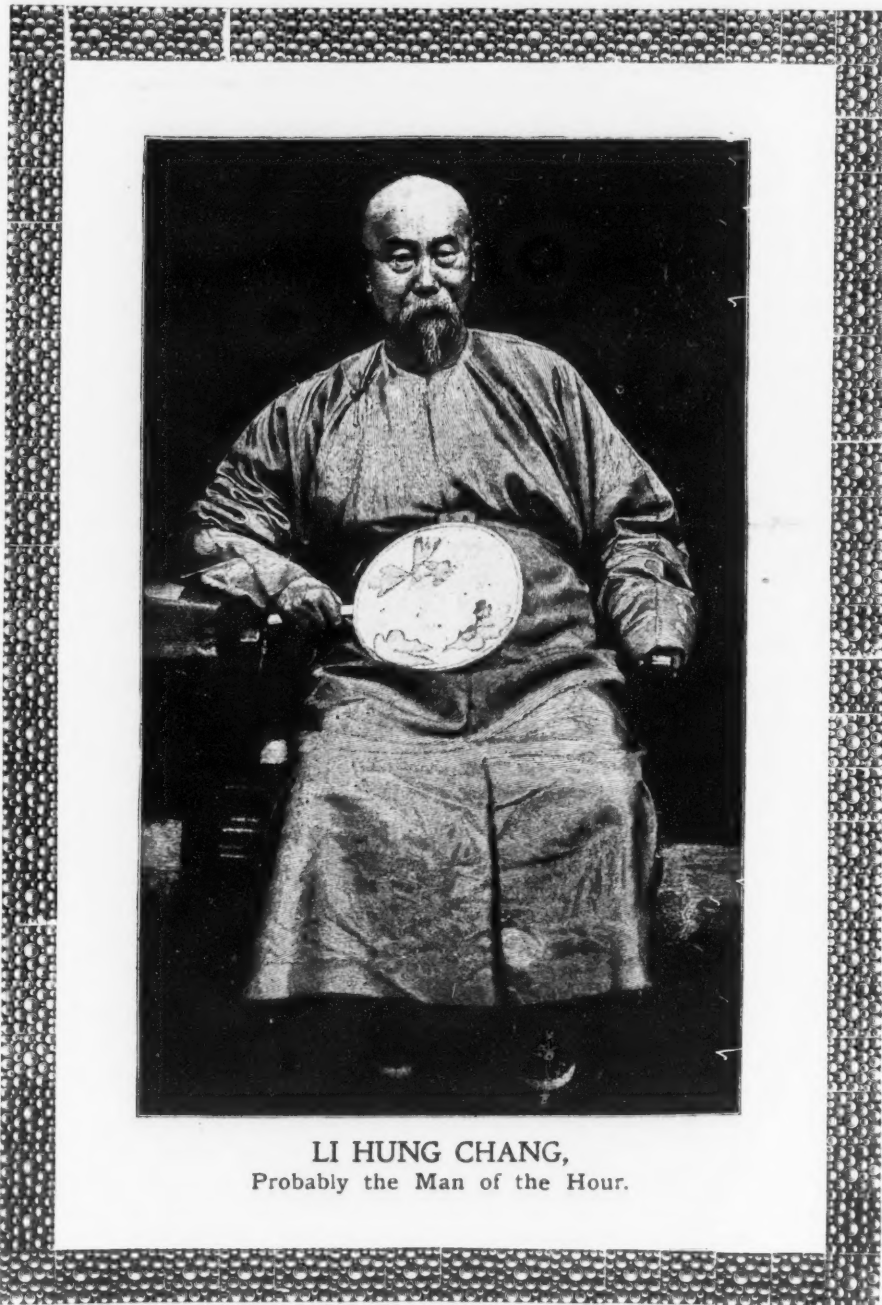
THE declaration of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church that the Bible should be taught in High Schools, is an ill-advised procedure. The High Schools are used by Protestants and Catholics alike, and the introduction of religious teaching would only afford an excuse for an outcry by the hierarchy for Catholic separate schools. The parsons who fail to make the people stick to orthodoxy or to get them to turn out to church, must at every point be forbidden to use our non-sectarian school system for the purpose of doing the work for which they are paid, and for which they, if anybody except the parents, are qualified. If the churches cannot do the religious teaching of the children of this country, we need not be surprised that they cannot successfully teach religion to the adults. From the declaration of the Presbyterian General Assembly it would appear that they have discovered themselves unqualified to attend to either.

THE retirement of Principal MacMurchy from the head-mastership of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute should, without doubt, have taken place years ago. This is not said in anything but the friendliest spirit to the learned gentleman who for forty-two years has been principal of the Jarvis street High School. During the transition period which Toronto has been passing through for the last forty-two years, no one man could be both at the beginning and now competent to fill the position. Methods and manners, and almost everything connected with education, have changed. Principal MacMurchy has done good work, and is one of the best remembered milestones in the past of Toronto's educational system. The arrangement to give him \$1,500 a year superannuation is unwise, no matter how our sympathies may incline us to believe that he has not been too liberally treated. It is unwise because we cannot treat our other principals and old masters on the same munificent scale. If we attempt it we will be burdened with a superannuation fund which will be insupportable, and for which, educationally speaking, the everyday taxpayer will not get proper value. Principal MacMurchy has a host of friends; that is his good fortune. There are other teachers quite as skilled, conscientious and worthy as he, who lack the social pull of the ex-principal of Jarvis street. Are these men to be thrown aside, or are they to be pensioned at a proportionate rate? If they are to be thrown aside, either Principal MacMurchy has got something which he should not have got, or has received only his share. If they are to be superannuated at a proportionate rate, the ex-Public, Separate and High School teachers will become an insupportable burden when their allowances are added to the already high rate which the taxpayers pay for schools. The pension allowance should be sufficient to keep a man from poverty, but when a pen-

sion allowance is made without any such thing having been anticipated, when nothing has been paid in by teachers and when everything has to come out of the taxpayers' pocket, luxury is not a thing which any ex-teacher or public servant who has not contributed out of his salary to the fund, should expect. Five hundred dollars a year would have been ample, and though it is painful to say this, it would be more painful still for one who knows the situation to be silent with regard to a grant which indicates that either great favoritism has been shown, or that a huge obligation with regard to old teachers is likely to be incurred. School-teachers, like everybody else, should prepare for the future. If they do not, they alone must be the ones who must bear the burden, except such burden as is imposed upon every community that the twilight of those who have worked both in the drain and in the highest walks of life must be provided with necessities when they are incapacitated to make a living for themselves. I am sorry that Principal MacMurchy's superannuation allowance has forced this topic, for no one would be better pleased than myself to see him getting \$1,500 a year if such a grant were proportionate to the public purse or liable to be anything but an act of favoritism.

SPEAKING of the church census the other day—and this is the time of church congresses—an acquaintance remarked that he did not know that there were so many small religious bodies represented in Toronto. It struck

tabulating what has been a large or fashionable denomination in any locality except New England, yet Unitarianism has colored the whole religious word and brought into prominence, beyond comparison, the Unitarian side of Christ's life and mission. The Quakers, who have a little church in Toronto, have had a great influence in simplifying not only the garb of Christian women, but the methods of worship. We should judge them by what they have accomplished, not by the size of their denomination. The Disciples of Christ, who have refused to take a sectarian name, have been in Canada the greatest controversialists and most unpopular of all the denominations. Their fight against Calvinism, Predestination, Fore-ordination, the Miraculous Interposition of the Holy Spirit, has modified the whole attitude of the Baptist and Presbyterian bodies and has had an extraordinary influence on the preaching of Methodists, who were at one time loud in asking the Holy Spirit to come down through the roof and change the hearts of everybody present. The organization is a very small and unimportant one in Canada, yet its work in this country and the United States has been phenomenally successful—particularly in the latter, where in the South and West it is threatened, unfortunately, with becoming fashionable—and modifications of the creeds have perhaps been more largely due to the teachings and controversies of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the denomination, than to any other man. The Lutherans, who have their little church in Bond street, are not a powerful organization, but they keep alive one of the sweetest strains of kindly religion



LI HUNG CHANG,
Probably the Man of the Hour.

him as rather amusing that there should be a number of religious denominations with but a few hundred members. I do not sympathize with him or the idea that people should belong to churches because they are large and influential, or refuse to adhere to those little organizations which have some very distinctive features, but which are by no means the fashion. The large and fashionable denominations are frequently those which contain the least impulse towards piety. The world, speaking of that section of the community which is outside of church membership, crowds in upon those who have costly edifices, furnish good music, and are able to employ a popular preacher. The very fact that the place of worship becomes fashionable is almost sure to rob it of the best elements of godliness. Some of the small churches, some of the most obscure and unimportant denominations, have accomplished more to keep spirituality in the life of denominations than ever has been done by the modern church to which so many people are proud to belong. The Presbyterians were once an unfashionable body, yet the preaching of Knox and Calvin did much to re-endow with spirituality the churches of the time. Luther was unpopular when he began, yet the reformation he led, cannot be computed in its influence on the morality, spirituality, and reorganization of society. Wesley was a very unpopular dissenting minister, yet he was the founder of one of the most fashionable churches of to-day. John Bunyan and the Baptists of Bedford were despised, yet, unfortunately for itself, the Baptist Church is now altogether too fashionable and too well equipped to greatly devote itself to spirituality except as a side issue. Baron Emanuel Swedenborg failed to establish a popular church, but in his writings he lent an air of spirituality to the interpretation by students of the Holy Scriptures which has been rivalled by no one since Christ himself. The founder of the Unitarian Church was not successful in es-

tablishing the heart of any foreign population in Toronto. The Hebrews, with their little synagogues, and with the jeer of mankind eternally turned on them, hold together a people who are perhaps as intensely religious in their way as any section of the community. The Universalists never succeeded in establishing a large or powerful religious body, yet they have taken out of the doctrines of the big churches the flaming colors of hell, and their work has been good, and should be prized by those who believe in the Justice and Mercy and Gentleness of God.

In thinking over these denominations we should remember how many sacrifices have been made by good men and good women to bring some important feature of the Christian religion into the proper comprehension of mankind, and to urge that the proper values should be put on all the attributes of God. Let no religious denomination, no matter how small, be spoken of sneeringly, for the lives and hearts and devotion of so many good people have been expended, that the at-one-time-forgotten thing should be remembered, and that the feature of Christ life and human life should be given its proper place in our estimation of what we should do.

I think it is very easy to belong to a popular church, but the good that we do by our membership and attendance is very small compared with the work done by people who were not, and are not, afraid to be laughed at or ignored or spoken of slightly, by holding fast to a tenet which certainly, if adhered to, must receive its proper recognition though the men and women who bring about the reform are themselves ignored and left to worship on a back street, while they pay an undue share of taxes to make it easy for Mammon to sit in the popular church and be mistaken for a follower of Christ.

REV. MR. TROOP, an Anglican clergyman of Montreal, has resigned his charge because he believes that all seats in the house of God should be free, and the church-wardens were not prepared, for financial reasons, to give effect to his convictions. Mr. Troop's action does him credit, for he did not hesitate to step out of a comfortable salary and risk his future status in his denomination rather than to compromise his conscience in a matter affecting the faith he has vowed to serve. He might easily have waived his opinion when he found that those he had to deal with were not likely to yield the point, but it is doubtful if he could, in that case, have kept the respect which he now carries away with him. It is always inspiring to find a man who has convictions and is ready to stand by them regardless of consequences—particularly when the convictions appear to be reasonable ones. Indeed, there is nothing worthy the name of conviction that does not imply a readiness to risk something for the sake of truth.

To those who know anything of the financial condition of churches in general in this country, it is not surprising that Mr. Troop's flock should have considered it impracticable to wipe out the revenue from pew-rents. In most churches the pews yield a sum which varies little from year to year and can always be counted on with certainty. The pew-rent is a means of taxing the church-goer a fixed amount per annum. The inference is that, if left to give voluntarily, congregations would not manifest sufficient zeal for the cause of religion as typified by the church, to contribute the amounts required for all purposes. This inference is flattering neither to the preachers nor the public. Mr. Troop evidently believes the system is wrong. He thinks that the church ought to have enough hold on the hearts of the people to enable it to live on their free-will offerings. Would he go a step further and waive his own right to salary, living as the Master and His disciples lived, without thought for the morrow?

The whole question of church finances will have to be taken up and dealt with before long by those denominations having the least claim to be called progressive. There is probably a great deal of truth in the theory that many people will not go to church because they do not relish being dunned in season and out of season for more than they think they can afford to give voluntarily. Those who want an elaborate service and elegant surroundings in their worship should have the privilege of paying for them, but there are a great many people who would be content with more simplicity than the average church affords, and who perhaps feel that they cannot decently keep up their end as things are.

However this may be, there do not appear to have been any pew-rents at the Sermon on the Mount or at Pentecost, nor does Scripture preserve any record of the church of which Christ was the head upon earth being harassed with mortgages and overdrafts.

REPRESENTATIVES of the young men of the Metropolitan Methodist church met on Monday night to discuss the propriety and possibility of establishing down town an un denominational social club under the Methodist auspices. At this meeting, Mr. J. R. L. Starr frankly said that "as far as the young men are concerned, the Church of the present day is a dismal failure. . . . We do not yet know how to reach the young men. We graduate them steadily out of the church, and then we cannot get hold of them." This appears to be the reason for desiring to establish a club of the sort outlined. The possibilities of getting the young men together and retaining them, judging from the discussion which ensued, do not seem bright. Of course the drinking of any intoxicating liquors would be out of the question—that was not even discussed—yet those who have had to do with clubs can quote few or no instances where the "social glass" has not been required to keep an ordinary social club in a sufficiently social mood to survive even for a few years. Smoking and "smokers" were disapproved of by some of those who would like to see a club established. Of course card-playing could not be introduced, for it is against the rules of the church. Billiards do not seem to be without strong opponents, and athletics, by many who were not represented at the meeting, but who would have to be relied upon to support the institution, are held to be temptations liable to lead young men astray. One gentleman who had offered a considerable subscription suggested that the club should be largely an exponent of muscular Christianity. His opinion was summed up in one sentence: "What was wanted was muscular Christianity, men who would be able to take care of themselves physically and not lie down at the first punch." I thoroughly believe in that kind of Christianity, but it is hard to reconcile it with the Scriptural doctrine that when you get a slap on one cheek the proper way is to turn the other. To have boxing and that sort of thing taught would require the introduction of someone more or less resembling a professional pugilist, which is almost as far away from the beliefs of Methodism as one could possibly imagine. One gentleman was for weeding out the recreation department. "I believe," he said, "that we degrade the church of Christ when we bring it down to a lunch-room, gymnasium, or even reading-room."

Taking all these views into consideration, it is difficult to see just exactly how the young men would amuse themselves in their club unless they play pussy-wants-a-corner, hide-and-seek, post-office, or sit and hold hands, the last being a rather poor sort of sport where the hands are all of a masculine gender. It is to be feared that club life, as it is ordinarily understood even in the most strict athletic and prohibition institutions, would hardly meet the approval of our Methodist brethren, and it would perhaps be wise not to try to establish a club unless the ordinary features of clubdom are allowed to a greater or less extent. What some of the projectors of the institution seem to desire is a chapel which will be open all day and reasonably late at night. Chapels are sufficiently numerous, and if nothing is to be hoped for but a meeting-place for young men, the school-rooms of the church, or the church itself, might be left open. If anything more than this is attempted the rules of the denomination must be relaxed, otherwise the straight-laced will doubtless complain, no matter what is done, that it has a tendency to lead young men astray. As card-playing is accused of leading people into gambling, and dancing into lasciviousness, so athletics are also said to pave the way to going to prize-fights and getting into bad company of all sorts. I sympathize with those who feel that the modern church is losing hold of the young men, but I do not see any relief of the situation by means of the plan proposed.

WHEN funds of all sorts were being started to make presents to the soldiers who went to South Africa and to take care of dependent relatives left at home, I more than once ventured the prediction that this sort of thing would become a nuisance, and that it would be much wiser to leave the whole matter in the hands of the Government, so that each citizen would bear his proportionate share, while the soldiers and their relatives would not be humiliated by either the asking for subscriptions or the acceptance of what was little better than charity. The rage, how-

ever, for starting funds seemed to be upon us, and self-advertisers as well as those who really had a patriotic impulse were alike soon busily engaged hunting for subscriptions and publishing them in the newspapers, the newspapers themselves not being without conspicuous places in donation-hunting. The whole amount gathered by all the drumming, and advertising, and concert-giving, and the having of "benefit shows," has not procured enough to have appreciably relieved this country from the tax which would have been levied, but it has left us in the beggarly position of having to pass around the hat for those who deserve better treatment. The taking care of the Hull and Ottawa sufferers by subscription has grown into something approaching a scandal. It is said that people have refused to work while the fund lasts, and much more money was raised than was actually necessary. Distant British colonies have sent donations which should have been returned with gratitude rather than accepted by a country which was well able to take care of its unfortunates. In Great Britain theaters have given benefit nights; and patriotic concerts to assist the relatives of our soldiers have been advertised by struggling actors and social aspirants who were much more anxious to get their names into print than to get Canadians out of trouble. The whole business is liable to do Canada ten times as much harm as the money obtained will do good to either widows, orphans, or fire sufferers. Nothing can be so damaging to our self-respect and to our attractiveness as a country which desires settlers, as having the unfortunate condition of a few people paraded in the press and on the bill-boards of foreign countries, as more or less on a par with the sufferers from famine in India. All the money which has been collected for Canadian objects might very much better have been sent to India, and all gifts intended for our people turned over to the Famine Fund. As it is, well-intentioned people who began the thing, and people desiring publicity who are continuing the thing, are making Canadians appear like a nation of mendicants. An established policy in this regard should be formulated at once, so that never again shall such disgraceful begging be permitted.



DR. G. STERLING RYERSON.

OWING, no doubt, to the extraordinary demonstrations of incapacity at the City Hall, Toronto's annual wall for better government is going up from the newspapers and their correspondents a little earlier this year than usual. It is remarkable, however, that even from such clever men as Professor Goldwin Smith we are hearing nothing but the old story that we must have better men in order to have better government. A nebulous suggestion about a better system is also introduced, but it is not less vague than heretofore. We all want better government, and probably think we could nominate better men, but we seldom put forth an effort, and the present bad condition of things cannot be cured by a few academic suggestions, even if made by such distinguished men as Sir William Meredith or Prof. Goldwin Smith. As hope springs eternal in the human breast, probably we think we have arrived at the very worst that could happen and believe that the cure will be brought about by the very badness of the present situation. Let us not be too sure of this. Having become habituated to about the lowest tone of manners and morals which could be introduced into civic politics, it is not unlikely that the people of this city will consider a capable outsider, or a nominee of the business men, or the protégé of the better class of people, if nominated as Mayor, as nothing better than an impertinent egotist or intrusive interloper of himself into other people's business. This being the case, it is well for us to bear in mind that possibly we have not reached the worst stage of civic degeneracy, and consequently should not be satisfied with fugitive suggestions which, though rapturously received, are liable to amount to nothing.

LORD ROBERTS' and Lord Methuen's words of praise for the work of the Canadian Red Cross Society under that indefatigable Toronto man, Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, give as much ground for satisfaction in this country as the ever-recurring successes of the Canadian contingents on the battlefield. It is a big thing for Canada to have been in at the finish so often in the military operations of the Empire's forces, and it is just as big a thing for Canada to be to the fore in the works of mercy which such operations necessitate. That Canada has been to the fore in the latter as well as the former, thanks to the energy and good judgment of the Canadian Branch of the Red Cross Society and their Commissioner, Dr. Ryerson, the unstinted praise of generals in the field leaves no room for doubt. The doctor, doubtless, has had a good many difficulties to surmount, for there is always enough red tape and prejudice to throw obstacles in the way of departures from the beaten path, but the application of a little trans-Atlantic common-sense appears to have removed all stumbling blocks and placed the machinery of the Canadian Red Cross Society in South Africa in a position to do really valuable and distinguished work. Not only so, but Dr. Ryerson has been appointed British Red Cross Commissioner with the Field Marshal's headquarters over the heads of two Old Country officers who tried for the position. The portrait which we publish to-day was taken at Bloemfontein and shows the doctor in his khaki uniform, as he appears at the front.

DISCUSSION has arisen in a ladies' paper with regard to "the distribution of an income possessed by a young couple of \$2,500 per annum." My own opinion is that if the young fellow and his wife have \$2,500 a year they need not worry about what to buy with it, but would be better employed seeing how much of it they could save for the time when there will be baby-worries, or sickness, or something of that sort. However, it is interesting to know that in New York a newly married couple must set aside a fifth of their income, if they are going to live up to it, for rent. Even in such an expensive locality, three dollars a week each is supposed to be ample to provide them with food of a very good sort, and \$200 a year will procure a servant and pay for the laundry. Lighting and fuel are estimated at \$150 a year, leaving \$1,100 for other expenses. The personal expenses of husband and wife are put down at \$300 a year each, which must be considered a fairly liberal allowance. To keep the house fixed up is thought to be worth \$200 a year. Then doctors' and dentists' bills, contributions to churches, charities, etc., and holidays, must be put down at \$300—a price few pay. The amount that should be allowed for life insurance must be considered in the total, and five per cent. should be set aside for emergencies. This leaves a very small margin, and yet the lady editor advises "that frugality should not be noticed on the table, that there should be entertaining and the best of food." Probably this is right, but it is hardly in line with the Canadian notion that unless \$2,500 per annum is a certainty a considerable portion of it should be set aside for "contingencies." I am not arguing that this should be so, for it is quite possible that people who are always looking for contingencies may miss the entire worth of life. There are many things worse than being dead or in the poorhouse, and I think one of the worst of them is being always afraid of either. However, for half the amount that is specified in the New York paper, a young couple can live very nicely in Toronto. The chief thing to be borne in mind—and it must be had in view at the moment when housekeeping is begun—is that one's friends know fairly well how much the income is, and surely despise entertainers and young couples who are living fully up to all they can get. It is quite possible that no one can live in an agreeable way for less than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year, but it is quite within the limitations of everyone to provide for two people in very charming quarters and in good style for twenty-five dollars a week. There are many who make less than this and yet get along very nicely, and young people who want to marry need not fear to be quite comfortable within themselves for seven or eight hundred dollars a year.

The irony of the whole business, however, appeals to one most forcibly when we remember that the majority of

people who are bringing up families and dressing their youngsters very nicely and sending them to public schools, do not average five hundred dollars a year. The men we see in drains and doing laboring work, and who must be well nourished in order to be equal to their tasks, are getting from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day, and it is not at all inappropriate to suggest to even those who desire the elegancies of life that very little will do it within the people themselves can be found a capacity to be entertaining, and not demand too much of a world that is considerably overburdened with a few people whose share, if it were estimated by themselves, would take nearly half of the globe.

Social and Personal.

ON Wednesday morning a number of persons took the boat for Niagara, to see the camp on Review Day, and to celebrate the accession of Queen Victoria, and attend the annual military ball at the Queen's Royal, which is a feature of the camp fortnight in the sleepy town. The sham-fight, which consisted of an attack by "rushes," which we have grown so sadly familiar with in newspaper reports lately from South Africa, was an attempt, successfully carried out, to take Fort George from a small defensive force, and was most interesting to the spectators. The invaders made their last rush with a wild yell which would have done credit to the Indians in the other corps, and the picture throughout the battle, officers directing, staff observing, and umpires watchful of every move and its results, the extended line of red-coats, alternately dropping full-length to fire, or jumping up to race forward, illustrated war "as she is" in a most graphic manner. When the Fort was captured the flag was planted for the saluting point, and Acting General Aylmer, Colonel Peters, Major Young, and Mr. McInnes were to be seen on their good chargers, awaiting the march-past of the various corps. Behind the Acting General and the commanding officer were carriages filled with ladies, who clapped heartily when any special smartness of garb or bearing took their fancy. Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Forester, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Small, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Colonel and Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and the Misses Sloane, Mr. Gibb, Mrs. Clarence Denison, Miss Peers, Mrs. Fotheringham, Mrs. Scott, Mr. Berkeley Powell, Mrs. Krell, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Norah Sullivan, Major Stimson, Miss Pattenon, Mrs. Charles O'Kelly, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mrs. Anderson, and Mrs. Warren were a few of the many gathered around the saluting point. Two of the regiments have this year been allowed to parade in very negligé style. Cowbreakfast hats and black alpaca shirts replace the usual uniform in one, and that seemed to be the limit, but after a moment a corps appeared in grey flannel shirts, and many of them with their sleeves rolled up over brown and hirsute forearms, and the visitor from London turned aside with a puzzled air and enquired, "Are these the stablesmen, don't you know?" Certainly, though they may have been comfortable, they were anything but lovely, those grim grey shirts! but the women can stand any ugliness after khaki, and they clapped with great enthusiasm.

After the march-past, everyone hurried over to the medical officers' quarters, where Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Fotheringham, and Mrs. Scott were to welcome many guests to tea at five. There the warm warriors had a chance to cool off a bit and confess just when they had felt hottest, but they still worked well, dispensing cold drinks, ice cream and strawberries, and so on, to the ladies, who had been pretty well baked while watching their soldier friends. Dr. Nattress was a very jolly and merry host in khaki riding breeches, leggings, blouse, and hat turned up with a Red Cross badge. The Acting General was not dun-color, but Colonel Peters, Major Young, and other staff officers wore the new garb. Some very beautiful gowns were worn. Miss Beatrice Sullivan, in a lovely white muslin with pale pink and blue flowers, and sleeves and petticoat of point d'esprit, the frock designed most artistically and touched with black and white lace, was quite the most stunning of many smart women. Mrs. B. B. Cronyn wore also a lovely and well made gown, with ondule lines of lace. Mrs. Ellis, of Wellesley street, wore a handsome white frock with black lace applications; Mrs. Peters, a cool grey linen; Mrs. Sweny and Miss Small were in white pique. The three hostesses were in dainty, cool summer frocks, Mrs. Nattress looking particularly well in a white gown touched with yellow. Mrs. Forester wore a very light and becoming black gown, chiffon embroidered with beige ribbon, and many ruffles over a black silk slip. Mrs. Thompson, formerly Miss Violet Burns, wore lavender under tucked white mousseline. Miss Birdie Warren was all in white, and Miss Nora Sullivan also. Mrs. Clinch held, as usual, a little court of gallant attendants. Acting General Aylmer was captured by ladies, by staff officers, by anyone who could get him, and never lost his chance to have a laugh and get in a pleasant word. Happily, the Review had pleased him well. Refreshments were served in the second tent, at a large table set with flowers and well supplied with dainties.

In the evening the military ball was on at the Queen's Royal, and was a very bright and successful function. The Queen's Royal in June, with such weather as has prevailed since camp opened, and all spick and span in its bright new paint, while a faultless service and menu satisfies the hungry sight-seers, and the day is closed with dancing, dawdling on the dim wide verandah, or chatting in the rotunda which is the rendezvous for everyone after each meal, is surely an ideal hostelry. During the next few weeks, the guests will be sure of a healthful holiday who decide on spending it at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and as quiet or as busy a one as they like to arrange. Trips through the garden of Canada on an automobile are the latest diversion for the summer sojourners. The autos dash up,

rattling the gravel of the drive, and during the dance on Wednesday evening the fiery glow of the lamps of a quite annoying auto lit up the corner of the lawn most sacred to flirtations. Among the guests at the ball were the wives, sisters, cousins and aunts of the officers in camp, and among others the guests in the hotel. Mrs. Peters in a handsome gown, her lovely, golden-haired daughter a sunny picture in a white ball gown; Mrs. Young in black silk and lace; Mrs. Forester in black satin and jet, most becoming and smart; Miss Lett in white satin; Mrs. Clinch in a lovely paillette black gown; Miss Rose Pattenon in pale green and beautiful lace bertha; Mrs. Stewart Houston in black lace and charmingly coiffed with a quaint high tortoiseshell comb. Miss Heward wore jetted lace. Mrs. Ellis was in white; Mrs. Krell in black satin and white chiffon; Miss Sloane in white organdie over coral-colored silk; Miss Sullivan in black silk banded with ribbon velvet; Mrs. Nattress in a very pretty gown; Miss Birdie Warren in pink silk; Mrs. Barnhart (nee Goldham) in satin striped tissue over rose silk; Mrs. Harman in mauve veiled in white; Miss Edith Harman in white; Mrs. Albert Gooderham in a lovely ciel blue gown; Mrs. W. H. Brouse in broadcase with yellow. Colonel Aylmer was in scarlet, but the D.O.C. and P.M.O. were in khaki, as was also Colonel Mutton. The opening lancers were danced by Colonel Aylmer and Mrs. Peters, Colonel Peters and Mrs. Young, and the other officers of the staff and ladies. Such a curious mix-up of uniforms doesn't often occur in a "quadrille d'honneur," as was noticed on Wednesday evening. The gentlemen with spurs and their natural consequence, the ladies with ragged yards of chiffon, lace and ribbon, were both much in evidence before the close of the dance at one o'clock.

Mrs. Pellatt, of Cliffside, gives a garden party next Saturday, June 30th, at her beautiful country residence, just east of Victoria Park.

Mrs. Albert W. Austin is at home this afternoon at "Spadina" from half-past four o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Crooks and Captain Burns is to take place in September.

Mrs. Cattanaach has leased her residence in St. George street to Miss Wallace, who is to take possession on the first of August, after which date it is probable Mrs. Cattanaach and her daughters will go abroad.

Last Saturday the golf match for the pretty prizes given by Mr. Alfred Beardmore resulted in a tie. Mr. Grace and Miss Elliott, of Detroit, and Mr. Drake and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann being the four left to play off for the prizes, a very smart Hunt Club buckle, with crest enamelled, for the lady, and a silver mug for the man fortunate enough to win. Mrs. Grace gave tea on the verandah to a smart party after the match, and many of them remained for dinner, to close a delightful summer day's outing.

As the paper was going to press last week, the saddening news was announced of the death of Mr. William Christie, one of the best known and most highly esteemed and philanthropic of our successful business men. Even so long after the close of Mr. Christie's career and the end of his protracted sufferings, "Saturday Night" feels that it would be singularly forgetful of its duty if it did not add its sympathy to the great outpour of eulogy and regret so well deserved by the late Mr. Christie.

Mrs. Francis Richardson is visiting relatives near Goderich. Mrs. William Johnston has sailed for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cooke, of 72 Grenville street, celebrated their golden wedding on Monday. They were married in St. Paul's church, Old London, June 18, 1850 (Waterloo Day), and came to Canada a couple of years later. Mr. Cooke was for many years manager of the Merchants' Bank, and is yet an active figure in the business and social life of the city. Mrs. and Miss Cooke gave a pleasant five o'clock tea in honor of the anniversary, at which many members of the family and old friends were present to tender their congratulations and good wishes.

Two very pretty young girls are Miss Norah Stevenson, of Chatham, who was much admired at the Argonauts' dance last Saturday, and Miss Aileen Carveth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Carveth, who was one of the sweetest little dames imaginable at the Yacht Club dance on Monday. Miss Aileen is very popular with all the young set, and will formally come out next season.

Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, with Mrs. Marani and her two small sons went up to Muskoka on Tuesday.

Society will have one more rally about the orange trees on Wednesday, when Mr. Cartwright and Miss Hart will be married. I think this is the last of the June weddings, and there have been a lot of them!

Captain Fennings-Taylor has gone to London, until the 20th of July. Dr. James H. Cotton and Mrs. Cotton, of Spadina avenue, returned to town from New York last week. Mr. John T. Small sails at the end of the month to spend the summer in England.

One of the early September weddings to be celebrated in Toronto will be that of Miss Fannie Taylor, youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Taylor, Yorkville avenue, and Mr. Harry N. Briggs, also of Toronto. Their friends and acquaintances will be glad to hear this news.

Sir William H. Cleeve, High Sheriff of the City of Limerick, who was knighted on the Birthday by the Lord Lieutenant, is a native-born Canadian.

Rouski Villa, Milton, was the scene of a very happy event on Saturday morning, June 16th, when Miss Frances McFarland Bowes, daughter of Mr. G. S. Bowes, was united in marriage to Mr. W. J. H. Richardson, of Whitby, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wesley Casson, of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Geo. Richardson, of Milton. The bride's gown was of white duchesse satin. Miss Mary Louise Hollinrake, of Milton, and Miss Emily Richardson, of Whitby, were bridesmaids, in frocks of white silk and crepe de chine. The groomsmen were Mr. G. C. Bowes, of New York, and Dr. W. H. Woodrow, of Whitby, was bride's usher. The two little sons of Mr. R. B. Barber, of Georgetown, acted as pages. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Richardson left for a trip to Montreal, Quebec, and the Saguenay.

On Monday the band concert on the Island R.C.Y.C. lawn will be a popular event. Tickets include passage on the Yacht Club launch Hiawatha, or an extra boat, and the concert. The Grenadiers' band furnish the music.

The marriage of Mr. Hubbard H. Hudson and Miss Mabel A. Mackenzie took place last Tuesday at high noon at the residence of the bride, 484 Pape avenue, Rev. B. D. Thomas officiating. Miss Mackenzie was married in her travelling dress, a stylish blue costume. Miss Haworth, of Bloor street, attended the bride, and Mr. Harry Love was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson went down the St. Lawrence and through the Eastern States for their honeymoon.

On next Friday, June 29, the At Home and prize-giving at St. Andrew's College will take place. There really seems little time for anything else but school closings and their jolly reunions of parents and friends next week.

Mrs. George Dickson gives an At Home and musical on Monday evening at St. Margaret's College from 8 to 11 o'clock.



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Social and Personal.

ON Sunday evening a charming supper was given at Llawhaden by the host, who is now "en garcon," to a large party of friends. As it was the first anniversary of the bridal day of two of the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carruthers, the occasion was made memorable by an avalanche of good wishes to this happy and popular young couple. I heard it remarked that not often are so many pretty women seen at a supper as were present on this occasion.

Hon. J. M. and Mrs. Gibson have returned from California. The rest and change has done the Attorney-General a great deal of good.

Mr. A. S. Hardy is away on a fishing tour. Mrs. Hardy has been recently quite an invalid.

Mrs. George Warwick is in Ottawa, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Murphy, Metcalfe street. Mrs. Warwick is to remain a couple of weeks, but Mr. Warwick, who accompanied her east, returned to Toronto on Monday.

In report of the Philadelphia Horse Show the following items will evoke congratulations in Toronto. They are from the "Rider and Driver" of last Saturday: "In the performance of qualified hunters, heavyweights, on Wednesday, Mr. Adam Beck's bay gelding, Lord Rannah, made a clean performance, but seemed to be over-jumping, which was due, probably, to the fact that he has been trained as a high jumper. He won first easily enough on conformation and performance. Heavyweight green hunters were shown on Wednesday, with Mr. Adam Beck's thoroughbred bay mare, Lady Falconer, winning the blue ribbon by a very clean, well-collected and clever performance, every jump having been made perfectly."

The annual ball at the Royal Military College last evening was the young folks' brightest event of the week. Miss Mary Miles, a very sweet little fair-haired lady from Toronto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, was a debutante.

By order of the directors, the private car which was run to the Country Club on Sunday will be discontinued until further notice.

Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Johnston are at their new home, No. 52 Huntley street.

Mr. and Mrs. Vere Brown have removed from Huntley street to No. 88 Cedar street.

Mrs. Francis expects her daughter, Mrs. Bath, to spend the summer with her. Mrs. Bath will be accompanied home by Miss Gwen Francis, who has spent the winter in England.

Miss Claire Geary has returned after an enjoyable visit with friends in Montreal.

Miss Constance Beardmore left this week for Dorval, where she will stay with her aunt, Mrs. Flisk.

The following passengers from Toronto sailed by the *Parisian* from Montreal June 16: Mr. Rennie, Miss Swinburn, Capt. Houston (from China), Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Grey White, Father Lane, Mrs. J. E. McColl, Mr. John McColl, Jr.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey and Mrs. D. A. Radcliffe of Aurora are at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. Fred MacMurtry of Marlborough street and Miss Florence MacMurtry of 55 Roxborough street are visiting Mrs. Crawford, Brampton, Ont., and will not return to the city till the end of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastmair are at Northview, Orillia avenue, Center Island, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour are at Center Island for some weeks. Mrs. Walter Barwick and her family have gone to the Atlantic Coast. Mr. W. Gibson Cassels is spending the hot season at the Hunt Club. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Hara are at Center Island for the summer.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of ex-Ald Naylor, Belleville, on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Walter E. Lugsdin of Toronto and Miss Flora Greene, also of Toronto, a sister of Mrs. Naylor, were married. Rev. V. H. Covert, pastor of the Baptist Church, officiated. The bride was Miss Clara Lugsdin, a sister of the groom, and Dr. Roberts of Toronto was best man. The bride wore white silk mouseline de soie, and carried a bouquet of roses. Mr. and Mrs. Lugsdin will take up their residence in Toronto after taking a trip to Montreal, New York and Washington.

Colonel Delamere and the Blisley team left on Wednesday for England. Their passage was taken on the s.s. *Lake Ontario*, from Montreal.

The marriage of Dr. Archibald Crosse Hunter of Goderich and Miss Grace Emily Cameron, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, took place at Goderich on Wednesday.

Mrs. Borden, wife of the Minister of Militia, has been very ill, but is now much better, and it is hoped will soon regain her strength.

The stocks called on Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson this week and left a very fine little girl baby.

Mrs. James Hartney and Mrs. Mathers, her daughter, left town this week to spend a month at Atlantic City and other seaside resorts.

Mrs. George T. Denison gave a very pretty little lawn tea last Saturday,

not by any means a large affair, but very much enjoyed by those who found time or chance favorable and visited Heydon Villa. The grounds, so unique in their diversity of hillside and ravine, in this town of flat surfaces, were looking very pretty, and the guests strayed about under the shady ways stretching south from the big house, on the broad verandah of which were chairs and sofas for the elder guests. A pretty tea-table, with the usual "cup" and "ice," was set on the lawn. The gallant Colonel, with whom "Sallybury treatment" in old England seems to have agreed very well, was here, there and everywhere with a joke and a pleasant word of welcome. A few of those at the tea were: Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Alexander Gibson, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. George Denison, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Krell, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Snowball, Mrs. John Gibson, Miss Gibson, Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. and Miss Small, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. Morang and Mrs. Heaven, Mr. Walter Denison, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kirkland, Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, of Guiseley House, Mrs. Campbell-Renton, Miss McCutcheon.

The Argonaut Rowing Club gave a dance in connection with the races rowed on Saturday afternoon, which was, as is the rule at these affairs, largely the event of the "jeunesse doree" of Toronto society. Such sweetly pretty girls, however, and such charmingly fresh, crisp, becoming frocks don't always grace the bayside dances. The numbers of young people who turn out at a dance nowadays is bewildering to the older folks, who cannot realize how time flies until they see little girl this and little boy that in the dignity of long skirt or high collar dancing at the summer hops such as that of last Saturday. How bright and charming young Canada can be is then seen in all its convincing beauty. Mrs. Gus Burritt gave the prizes to the lucky oarsmen about seven o'clock, the presentation being simply made by the bride of last year, Miss Jennie Smith was with her sister, Mr. George Sears, one of the club's generous friends, was everywhere, always a welcome figure, and sure to be met with smiles by the young folks to whom he is so kind. The music and floor were all that could be desired by the dancers, but the heat—it was really awful. The boys who danced came out to mop their damp and glowing faces. One who seemed a softer subject than usual hastened to get his girl an ice, but she called to him smartly: "Oh, do go and cool off first; you are a sight!" One man arrived late for a dance. "You've been up on the roof?" said his waiting partner, severely. "Deed I've not; I'm just out of the shower bath," he said, chuckling. "Don't I look cool?" "Cool and collected as a reelected ice-berg," said the fair creature. I noticed among the pretty young people the Misses Jarvis, lately arrived from Buffalo, who were so much admired at the Yacht Club's opening dance on June 11. Other pretty girls were Miss Violet Towers, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Keighley, Miss Law, Miss Brignall, Miss Lamont, Miss Mewburn, of Hamilton, Miss Perry, the Misses McArthur, Miss Bessie Thomson, Miss Lella McDonnell, Miss Dwight, Miss Hogaboom, Miss McWilliam, Miss Denison, Miss Mary Reid. The dancers continued their amusement until after eight o'clock and the affair was the most enjoyable possible. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt were at the dance, but were obliged to leave early for a home engagement. Mrs. Galt was very prettily gowned in canary gauze over white silk, and Mrs. Burritt was in a delicate mauve gown with lace overskirt. The chaperones permit themselves a bit of finery as becomes the dignity of their position, though the girls are almost invariably done up in plique, duck or muslin, looking Canadian summer girls to distraction.

Mrs. Campbell, of Carbrook, welcomed many friends who were bidden in honor of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, last Friday to enjoy a lawn tea in the handsome home in the Queen's Park. The bride wore a plique costume and tulle toque, and received congratulations with happy smiles. The tea-table was set on the lawn and very bounteously served with early summer dainties, the weather was simply perfection, and the guests roamed about and enjoyed little gossip and the pretty scene to their hearts' content. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy have had a most pleasant wedding trip down East, and are now in Ottawa.

This afternoon at three o'clock, in St. Thomas' Church, takes place the marriage of Miss Ella Williams, sister of Mrs. Dan. Mann, and Mr. Samuel Crosswhite. This event was dated rather hurriedly, as the fortunate presence of many of the family circle in Toronto, who are not often able to foregather in this manner, was taken advantage of to celebrate the marriage and give them an opportunity of being personally present to witness the ceremony and offer congratulations. Miss Williams' gown was brought over from the scene of the latest war developments, the Celestial Empire, and is, I believe, to be something very beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Mann will, after the ceremony, receive the guests at their new residence, north St. George street.

On Tuesday morning, June 12, St. Andrew's Church, Perth, was the scene of a very fashionable wedding, when Miss Laura O. Melghen, daughter of Mr. William Melghen, and Mr. J. Edwin Frost of Smith's Falls were married by the Rev. A. H. Scott, M. A. At 12 o'clock the wedding party entered. The altar and chancel were beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns. Miss Melghen made a very lovely bride, gowned in white satin on train, handsomely trimmed with real lace and sequins, lace veil, with a crown of orange blossoms, and carrying white roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Melghen, Miss Isabel Melghen, Miss Morna Melghen and Miss Edith Taylor, were charming, two being dressed in white silk according to custom, and two in pink. They carried huge bouquets of white and pink roses. The little flower girl, Miss Nora Lindsay of Montreal, looked sweet in white silk. The groomsmen were Mr. Edwin Hunt Frost of New York and Mr. R. Locke of Toronto, while Mr. W. B. Hart, Mr. William Hardie and Mr. Fred Hall acted as ushers. The gift of the groom to the bride was a handsome gold corsage spray, with pearls, and to the bridesmaids souvenir gold brooches, with the initials of the bride and groom in pearls. After the ceremony a dejeuner was served at the handsome residence of the bride's parents. Both bride and groom were extremely popular and the gifts presented were numerous. The bride when leaving was attired in a handsome "London smoke" cloth gown, trimmed with white satin, applied, and looked particularly smart. Mr. and Mrs. Frost left on their wedding tour to New York, Boston and Washington, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. William Mackenzie gave a tea for Miss Williams, to-day's bride, at her home, Belleville. This was quite an impromptu affair, the "raison d'être" having only arisen a few days before, but the hostess was prompt and the guests only too pleased to be likewise.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock are to return home this week. Mr. Gooderham, of Waveney, and his family party are in Paris, doing the Exposition. Mrs. and Miss Arnold have sailed for Europe. Mrs. Parkin and her daughters have gone to Cap d'Azur for the summer. Mrs. Foster went over to the Queen's Royal on Tuesday.

Mrs. Heaven and the Misses Heaven are to spend the summer at Norwood, having leased Mr. Morton's residence on the hill. Mr. and Mrs. James Grace are to spend the summer at Hanlan's Point, where they have taken a cottage.

On Monday evening the first dinner of the season at the Island R. C. Y. C. House was enjoyed by several small parties, and the catering and service under the new steward were quite an agreeable surprise and evoked much praise. The new commodore, George Gooderham, Jr., and Mrs. Gooderham had a quartette of guests, the Misses Taylor, of Florsheim, Messrs. McMurray and Archibald. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cox had also a couple of friends. Mr. Ricardo-Seaver entertained the fair visitor, Mrs. Krell, and a friend. Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham, Mr. Turner and Mr. Finucane dined together, and several others also sampled with gratification the good things on the menu. Then the room was cleared, the floor, in wonderful order, was crowded with eight o'clockers and later arrivals, the excellent orchestra played a dance programme, and the season was open.

Mr. Fred Christie of Berkeley street left on his vacation last week, and before returning will take the St. Lawrence trip to Montreal and Quebec.

A Speedy Retribution.
Small Boy—Art ticket for Baker street. (Pays, and awaits delivery of ticket).
Clerk—It's a shameful thing, a kid like you smoking?
Small Boy (indignantly)—Who are you calling a kid? I'm fourteen!
Clerk—Oh, are you? Then you pay full fare to Baker street.—"Punch."

Our Classical Kid.
When Jane and I first went to school to Euclid Ebenezer.
He taught us of the stirring times of Caius Julius Caesar;
And how, when Zela's fight was won,
The message, terse and spicy,
The Consul sent to waiting Rome
Of "Veni, Vidi, Vici!"
But now our kid from school returns
A hundred times the wiser
And gibberish to the Latin text
Of Kyrie Yllus Kyrie;
Whose very words he'll even quote
In accents queer and squeaky.
To prove that what was really said
Was "Wancy, Wacky, Wacky!"
William Lincoln Balch.

One Honest Man.
"I am sorry to disappoint you, young man," said the great railway magnate to the reporter who had called in for the purpose of writing him up, "but I did not begin at the bottom and work my way up. I was kicked through college by my father, inherited a fortune, which I invested in railroad shares, and I hold this job because I have votes enough to control it. It is too bad, my young friend, but we can't all be self-made men. We would become tiresome." And he bowed the caller out.—"Chicago Tribune."

Engagement Rings
A man might choose a Ring without special thought if it's an ordinary gift, but not an Engagement Ring—that must be selected with care.
As an Engagement Ring the "Solitaire" Diamond is, without doubt, the favorite. It is the most substantial style, and can be worn with all others.
At \$50 we offer a "Solitaire" Diamond Ring that is splendid value. The diamond is of faultless quality and the setting 18K gold.

Lime Juice For Health

If you want to get cool and keep so in hot weather, you must first cool the blood. An absolutely pure Lime Juice is without an equal for this particular purpose.
But that is not all that a pure, strong Lime Juice like "Stower's" will do for you—it will keep the body in a healthy state while at the same time it will allay thirst.
Another reason why it will pay you best to buy "Stower's" Lime Juice is because of its great natural strength, and hence its economy. A very little of it goes a great way.

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Prevents and cures Mosquito Bites.
1 bottle Beckett's Embrocation . . . 25c.
For Sprains and Bruises.
1 bottle Pectoral Cough Drops . . . 25c.
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Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.
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At \$50 we offer a "Solitaire" Diamond Ring that is splendid value. The diamond is of faultless quality and the setting 18K gold.

Manicuring and Chiropody

For Ladies and Gentlemen.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist, L. A. Mackintosh, 124 King Street West, opposite Rossin House, Toronto. Tel. 1882.

interrupted the conversation and asked: "What are the wild waves saying?" and then he gave his own witty answer to the question: "Let us (pray)!"
"Do you mean to tell me that that man-eating lion of yours got loose and wandered out into the streets?"
"Yes," answered the proprietor of the show; "and a lot of trouble he made us." "Did you have difficulty in catching him?" "I should say so! It was hours before we could get near enough to lead him back to his cage. You see, some of the bad boys of this town had tied a tin can to his tail."—Washington "Star."

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Hair carefully Trimmed, Singed and Combed. Hair and Scalp scientifically treated in all cases of falling out after fevers, illness, etc.
Our Face Massage and Steaming treatment cannot be superseded by any other method. Our treatments are natural, no cosmetics, rouge or skin foods employed. One treatment will convince the most sceptical person of the benefit derived from our system. It promotes and stimulates the circulation, expands the shrunken muscular tissue, hence removes the wrinkles. It cleanses the pores from the secretion from the sebaceous glands, hence removes black heads. These blackheads can easily be kept away by the use of "Armand's Toilet Vinegar," 50c. and \$1.00. It removes sunburn, freckles and clears the skin. Price \$1.00 single treatment, or 6 for \$5.00. We give the best Manicure for 50c. All manicure articles kept in stock. If you cannot keep your hair in curl use Armand's Curling, 25c., and an invisible Net to keep it tidy, 15c. and 30c. each.
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441 Yonge St., cor. Carlton.

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Upper Gallery and new Show-Rooms now open to the public. You are invited.
B. M. & T. JENKINS

BY HANter BORRET.

III.
"LATET ANGUIS IN HERBA." A STORY OF INNOCENT PARTICIPATION
IN CRIME

The sick man lay very still in the bed, and spoke in very low tones, and said he feared he had received his summons to the next world, and was anxious to make a will in favor of his son-in-law, who, by his daughter's death might (he thought) be left unprotected for if he, the sick man, died without a will. He then told me the same story that my visitor of the morning had previously told me; of the Scotch settled estate that needed no mention in the will, but would form an ample provision for his only son, and that he wished to leave a legacy of £7,000, (he said), represented about one-half of the value of his personal estate, to his son-in-law, Alexander Caryl, and his future issue, including his grandsons, and he said he wished his son-in-law Caryl to be the sole executor. I felt at first only right to point out to the testator that it was casting a slur on his only son, not to appoint him one of the executors, and after some little scrumbling he fell in with my view, and I then proceeded further to point out that it would be prudent to settle the legacy given to the son-in-law, so as to give him a life interest only in the capital, and provide for the corpus passing over to his only son in the event of Caryl's marrying again, as it seemed to me rather hard upon the only son that his father's money might in the course of a short time go to endow the second wife of his son-in-law. At this the old man got somewhat angry, and told me rather curtly to carry out his own wishes, and not to get into a fuss about what his duty was as between his son and his son-in-law. To soften the old man's wrath, and in fear of any outburst of anger bringing on fatal consequences, I decided not to argue the point any further but to draw the will as instructed, but I extracted a promise from the sick man that he would reconsider my

A Member of Parliament tells a touching story of the Queen and Lady Roberts. When Lady Roberts was at Windsor, a few weeks after her husband had sailed for the Cape, the Queen handed her a small parcel, saying: "Here is something that I have made up with my own hands, and

"What an extremely nice entree this is. My cook is really a tragedy this winter."

"So sorry I was out; do come again soon."

"Yes, I saw it last night; stunning leading man she has."

"I had such a fright last night. A

Even if the shopper is not now—has no wedding to provide—be spent going through the store are welcome to make an inspection.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited,

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President
WO
MIL



Retail department—
FROM MAKER TO WEARER—

For Hot Days

For men and boys—

Wash suits for the little fellows—
1.75 up.
Duck suits for men—2-piece—
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Sweaters—men's and boys'—50c. up.
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men—75c. up.
Light underwear—"Shawknit" hose—
25c.
Rustic and split straw hats—75c. up.
Special 10.00 summer tweed suits
for men.
Your money back if you want it—

E. Boisseau & Co.
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"Too sweet for anything."
Is the Baby after a Bath
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Baby's Own Soap

Used by Thousands of
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THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL
MAKERS OF THE
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Women are Like Flowers



The Toronto woman with the
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removed from one side
of the face.

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SUMMER SUITS CLEANED

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Samples free on applica-
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Curious Bits of News.

In Java a small State exists which
is entirely controlled by women, with
the single exception of the Sovereign,
who is a man. He is, however, entire-
ly dependent on the three women who
form his State Council. What a de-
lightful picnic he must have at times!

In England there are only about 170
centenarians; in Ireland, 578; and in
Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10, and Nor-
way 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Swit-
zerland, none. Spain, with a population
of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over one
hundred years of age. Of the 2,250,000
inhabitants of Serbia 575 have passed the
century mark. France, with a popu-
lation of 40,000,000, has 213 cen-
tenarians.

The records of the Geological Survey
in Washington establish the fact that
the loftiest known mountain in North
America is Mount McKinley, in Alaska,
about 200 miles from the shore of Cook
Inlet. The aboriginal name of the peak
is Traleaga. It is 20,464 feet high.
This is not far from the elevation of
Mount Chimborazo, the highest peak of
the Andes, and is 2,440 feet greater
than that of Mount St. Elias, which
was at one time believed to be our
loftiest mountain.

The California Miners' Association
has recently published a treatise on
the mineral wealth of that State, which
brings out some facts that are not
generally known. Gold, of course,
holds the lead, but it will probably
surprise many to learn that the value
of the quicksilver annually produced
in California is 50 per cent. greater
than the value of the silver found
there, and that even the petroleum
output of the State exceeds the silver
production in value. Copper and borax
rank among the important minerals of
California.

A correspondent of the Troy "Times"
has been making big eyes—as well he
might—over a copy of the Boston
"Athenaeum," of April 15th, 1828,
which contained a picture, copied from
a London paper, representing a ver-
itable automobile—a vehicle invented
by a man named Gurney, who had
taken out a patent for it. It was
coach-like in form, was designed for
steam propulsion, and could be easily
controlled by the driver. The descrip-
tion was followed by a prophecy that
"if this invention should reach its ex-
pected perfection, its economical char-
acter would doubtless lead to un-
iversal patronage." The expected per-
fection is not yet; but "a man named
Gurney" deserves to be remembered.

The Abominable Tipping Habit.

COMMENTING on the "tipping"
habit, which is becoming so
marked in America, a visiting
Englishman remarked the
other day: "The extent to
which you carry the practice
of feeding waiters in restaurants is
absurd. Of course there are restau-
rants and hotels where a man is not
forced to stand and deliver; but the
general rule holds that if one is not
willing to fee servants the service he
receives is very unsatisfactory. The
same conditions seem to prevail where-
ever one goes. The barber inquires in
an insinuating tone if everything is all
right; the boy who brushes your dust-
less coat with such ludicrous care and
insists upon scratching the nap from
your hat with his immense whisk-
broom, observes every motion of the
hand which contains your money with
a glance that is unmistakably solici-
tous; the porter who handles your bag-
gage pauses in the doorway to wipe his
brow, and remarks that 'it's an un-
common heavy trunk'; even the
youthful bellboy refuses to put down
the pitcher of water and return to his
bench in the lobby without first mak-
ing a great ado about raising or low-
ering the window-shade, and finally
asks, in an insinuating tone, 'Ef there
ain't nothin' else.' But the waiter—
ah, the waiter—he is the king of them
all. He is, par excellence, the leader
of New York's band of mental high-
waymen. The waiter actually holds
you up. He seems to be possessed of
some strange, hypnotic power which
makes one feel mean and cheap unless
one leaves the customary piece of 'sil-
ver' in the little plate upon which the
change is returned. Now, that little
plate is the most diabolical conspirator
in league with the waiter. Have you
ever noticed how the change clings to
those little plates? The power of ad-
hesion seems to be present with re-
markable force, and, unless a man is
extremely penurious or possessed of
extraordinary will power, in nine
cases out of ten he will yield to the

combined influence of the waiter and
the plate. I have been told that wait-
ers are forced to insist upon tips on
account of the poor salaries paid them
by their employers; in fact, it has been
remarked in my presence that at many
of the ultra-fashionable restaurants
waiters actually pay for the privilege
of attending certain 'popular' tables.
If this be true, then I think the remedy
is apparent. A long-suffering public
should rise up in its might and form
'The Anti-Tipping Society,' or some
kindred organization, which would
compel the public host to pay his own
salary list."

There Is No Death.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
When miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes
of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast
for miles around.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like life I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea birds in the slanting beam—
And far off sails which flit before the
south wind free.

So when time's veil shall fall asunder
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise and with the
vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream.
The loved and cherished past upon the
new life steals—
—John Greenleaf Whittier.



No. 5—HOM (E) AGE.

Book Notes.

THREE Men on Wheels, Je-
rome K. Jerome, Copp, Clark
Co., Limited, Toronto. Nothing
which Jerome writes is
dull, but sometimes we get a
little too much of it. Three
Men in a Boat was interest-
ing till we got a little bit tired of
the details, and Three Men on Wheels
does not last nearly as well as the story
of a similar name. The humor may
be subtle sometimes, though one who
is acquainted with Germany may
think for several pages that the fun
of the thing must have run out of
the book before the bookkeeper parted with
it. However, we cannot expect a
book that is executed in such a
thorough, but for a holiday compa-
nion, which one can put aside without
sitting up all night. Jerome's book of
sketches is quite the thing. Those who
know something about travel in Ger-
many and about German people will
appreciate it much more than the ma-
jority, who have to get both their
facts and their fun from Mr. Jerome's
entertaining volume. Of one thing
every reader can be assured, and that
is an increased knowledge of travel
on the Continent and a number of
hearty laughs.

A Master of Craft, W. W. Jacobs
author of Many Carriages, Copp, Clark
Co., Limited, Toronto. To those who
have read nothing by this author it
would be impossible to convey the
spirit of his charming sketches. There
is not a dull page, not a moment when
the interest flags, not a character, no
matter how humble, who does not seem
to belong to the story and the
river and to the good ship "Form".
It is descriptive of life on the small
craft which ply on the Thames and
coast about Great Britain, and it is so

true to nature that no critic has been
found to disparage it. It is like
Dickens, and yet it has a gentle, em-
phatic touch of kindly human na-
ture, which interests the reader
though the scenes are strange and
the characters sometimes very grotes-
que. Putting the book aside after
reading for half an hour, no one, no
matter how deficient in humor, can
fail to chuckle over the adventures of
the amorous Captain Flower, who got
engaged to a girl in every little port
in which he stopped, and had two or
three women who expected to become
Mrs. Flower, in London. The wind-
up is pleasant, and the whole assem-
blage of little adventures appeals to
one's heart as well as to one's humor.
A most delightful book to take away
with one for holiday reading could not
be found.

Lobo, Wabb, Blanca, Molly Cotton-
tail, Redruff, Silverspot, and all the
other animals of the plain and forest
that Ernest Seton-Thompson has
known and written about, will shortly
appear as stage characters in a play
for children.

The works of John Ruskin are soon
to be published in their entirety in the
French language.

Mr. Andrew Lang asserts that no-
vels are almost, if not altogether, the
only form of literature that is remem-
bered now; nevertheless, he thinks
that a new Froude, Macaulay, or Ten-
nyson would even now find readers.

Mr. Kipling has used his recent ex-
periences in South Africa as the basis
of a series of stories which are
about to be published. It is stated that
these sketches will present, under the
guise of fiction, phases of both the
administration and the actual conduct
of the war which Mr. Kipling felt he
could not embody in letters which he
sent home.

Mr. Ronald MacDonald, the son of
George MacDonald, who is following
his father's footsteps in the produc-
tion of a novel, is not altogether an
unpractised writer. He is the author
of a play called All the Difference,
and he is part author of another en-
titled The Eleventh Hour.

"Miserable penitence" is what Mr.
Morley Roberts, himself a novelist,
calls the unnecessary fiction with
which the public is daily drugged.
He declares that a novel having any
real connection with literature is as
rare as a blue moon or a four-leaved
shamrock, and that as for the rest,
were there a law abolishing them
and their writers, no startling change
in the world's economy would be ef-
fected. He is sanguine that after the
privation of a year or two the public
would have forgotten that it ever
needed novels. Then, having freed
his mind, Mr. Morley Roberts trots off
and writes—well, what is really a
highly unnecessary novel!

Our Uneasy Consciences.

THERE is nothing more unreas-
onable than an overweening
conscience. The sense of
"ought," which no activity ap-
peases; the sense of shame
for one's "shortcomings," no
matter how "long" we come in reality;
this is an element in life which often
leads to evil results.

Nagging is disagreeable and generally
useless, whoever does it; and to have
a perennial nagger incorporated in
one's system is worse than an outside
one.

There are two extreme results. One
is a nervous, restless, ceaseless activi-
ty, without the accompanying rainbow
in the soul that is supposed to accom-
pany duty performed—it never is per-
formed under such a conscience; the
other is a callosity developed by the
efforts of the organism toward self-
preservation. The irritative conscience
is encysted, wrapped up in smooth
hardness, like the offending grain of
sand in the oyster.

Neither of these conditions is health-
ful, nor promotive of wise, good con-
duct. Is it not possible to have it out
with one's conscience, settle on a level
of virtue one may consider attainable,
and pursue the even tenor of one's
way?

Here is a woman, a good deal of an
invalid, fretting because she cannot
write letters to deserving friends; feel-
ing daily remorse at neglecting them.
Now this is a simple matter to decide.
She either can or cannot write a letter
a day—or two—or three. If she can,
there is no power than can prevent
her. If she cannot, she is not to blame.

One can ascertain one's powers by
a little careful experiment. Live easily
up to them and experience a profound
sense of piety and peace in the fulfill-

Economy.

It's a great help to the busy Housekeeper to know what is best in Tea. Don't
hesitate. Send for

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

You will not be disappointed.

Lead Packages.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

ment.

Either one can or one cannot. How
is one to know? By trying. Try hard,
try nobly, test your outside limit; then
walk easily within it.

We are not to blame for not doing
what we cannot.

There is no great difficulty in doing
what we can.
The best method of settling one's
conscience is to drag it into the open,
carefully define its demands, fulfill
what is in one's power and then refuse
to be disturbed by any required im-
possibility. An undisciplined, exorbitant,
irrational conscience is more dis-
tressing than a scolding mother and a
teasing child. — "Saturday Evening
Post."

England's Triumph.

The following crazy verses from last
week's New York "Life" show one of
many ways in which popular hatred of
England is kept alive in the United
States:

God in far heaven with a frown
In anger turns His face,
While ruthless England tramples down
One more unhappy race.
The selfish world stands by to see,
Nor lifts a helping hand,
Watching incarnate tyranny
Triumph in one more land.

Lo! England prays in ministers high
For mercy, justice, peace;
While 'neath the whole circle of the sky
Her warfare never ceases.
The blood of hapless Zulus slain
Reeks from the stolen sod;
And butchered Maoris, killed for gain,
Carry the prayer to God.

Though brave men seek the wilderness,
The last hope of the free,
Insatiate on their trek no less
Tracks greedy tyranny.
Dead faces set in deathless ire
Witness to manhood's worth,
Where England writes in blood and fire
Her title to the earth.

For lust of gold is England's creed;
Her gospel that of fight.
Her honor eaten out by greed,
She knows no right but might.
How long, O God of justice named,
How long shall these things be?
Till England's brutal pride is tamed
No weak land may be free!

—Arlo Bates.

Evolution Knocked Out.

"I SAW the theory of evolution
knocked higher than a kite
at a Tennessee camp meet-
ing last week," said a New
Orleans drummer, who had
just returned from a trip on the road.
"It happened in this way: I was ce-
tain over night at a small town up
in the mountain district, and, hear-
ing that a big revival was in progress
in the woods not a great distance
away, I decided to go out and see
what it looked like. I found several
hundred country people seated around
a raised platform in a little clearing.
Listening to a half-frenzied exhorta-
tion by an itinerant evangelist, who
had lungs like a steam calliope, and
a beard like a floor general. There
was no denying the fact that the man
possessed a certain amount of endu-
rance, and the scene was weird
and impressive. Just as I arrived he
was giving a terrific hiding to scienti-
fic sceptics.

"And there's a feller by the name
of Darwin," he shouted, 'that allows
we all come down from monkeys, and
Adam warn't nothin' but a big gorilla!
I'd like to know if there's any
person in the sound of my voice that's
fool enough to believe such stuff as
that? If there is, let him stand up!'
"To my surprise, a tall, lantern-
jawed individual on the bench ad-
joining mine promptly rose to his feet.
I saw at a glance that he was one of
those rustic walking encyclopaedias
who always lead off in debates at
cross-road stores, and I looked to see
some fun. He was perfectly cool and
self-possessed, and was evidently loath-
ed to floor the parson. For a moment
there was dead silence; then the evan-
gelist leaned forward and snatched his
eyes with his hand.

"Will the brother move a little
nearer the light?" he said, in a gentle
voice. The evolutionist folled his
arms defiantly and stepped under a
flaming pine torch.

"Thank y'," said the preacher,
blandly; 'now, do I understand y' to

say that you reely believe you're kin
to monkeys?'

"I do," replied the sceptic.
"There was another moment of si-
lence.
"Well, brethren and sisters," said
the evangelist slowly, 'since I come
to size the good brother up I'm kinder
inclined to believe he is keener. We
will now sing hymn number seven.'
"That settled Mr. Darwin and
squashed his rash disciple. He tried
to say something, but he was drown-
ed out. When I last saw him he was
sneaking quietly home through the
big pines."—New Orleans "Times-
Democrat."

Langtry and Venus.

A London artist supplies the com-
parative measurements of Mrs. Lan-
gtry and the Venus de Medici, two
types of the ancient and modern
worlds. The height of these two beau-
tiful women, the one in flesh and blood
and the other in marble, happens to be
the same, viz., 5 feet 7 inches. Hence
the two may be taken as illustrating
the difference of ideal physical propor-
tions between the ancient and the
modern. Where and how the measure-
ments of Mrs. Langtry were obtained
no one seems to know:

Mrs. Langtry. The Venus.	
Height	5 ft. 7 in. 5 ft. 7 in.
Across shoulders	15 in. 16 in.
Bust	35 in. 38 in.
Arm	12 in. 12 in.
Thigh	24 in. 24 in.
Calf	12 in. 12 in.
Neck	12 in. 13 in.
Hips	45 in. 42 in.
Length of leg	28 in. 32 in.
Waist	26 in. 26 in.
Length of arm	26 in. 28 in.
Ankle	8 in. 9 in.
Foot	8 in. 8 in.
Face	7 1/2 in. 7 1/2 in.
Crown of head	24 in. 24 in.
Nose to finger tip, arm out	28 in. 28 in.

By means of these measurements
any woman can ascertain for herself
how far she differs in proportion from
the two famous beauties.
A wretched thing it were to have our
heart,
Like a broad highway or a populous
street,
Where every life thought hath room
to meet,
Pause or pass on, as in an open mart.
Keep thou thy heart close-fastened,
unrevealed,
A fenced garden, and a fountain seal-
ed.
—Trench.



There is always a reason
for the pre-eminence of any
manufactured article over
others of its class. Carling's
ales and porters could
not be famed throughout
Canada were it not that
the goods themselves were
worthy.

It is always the policy
of the Carling Brewing &
Malting Company, Limited,
to make an article of the
highest quality. It is this
policy that has won for
their goods the confidence
of the public.

You can always depend
upon Carling's Ale and
Porter being good. The
quality of the article is its
most effective advertise-
ment.



ONE GIVES INSTANT RELIEF HUTCH

Hutch contains ingredients which are put up in such proportion that they will act soothingly on the aching organs of the stomach and do away with any pain which is caused by a disordered digestion. Headache, sour belching, stomach ache, numbing pain in body, coated tongue, foul breath, and constipation are all influenced beneficially by Hutch, because it is a stomach curer and these are diseases of that function. Instant relief. Hutch is heavily coated with chocolate. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

The Fan and the Face

The woman who goes to the
mountains or shore need use her fan for
only one purpose if she will buy and try
that famous English Vegetable Soap,
"Oriole"—and that purpose is to keep
cool.

There will be no blemishes, sunburn
or freckles to hide with a fan, if she uses Oriole Soap, be-
cause it is made from pure Vegetable
Oils and healing Balsams from the far
East that beautify and make clear, bril-
liant complexions.

Oriole Soap

Sold only in handsome hinged metal boxes
by best dealers everywhere—in cents.



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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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OUTDOOR PASTIMES

IT is claimed that if the equality between bowling and batting is to be maintained, a change in the form of the cricket ball will have to take place. A writer in London "Truth" points out that but a slight knowledge of cricket shows that heavy scoring is on the increase. The explanation offered is that the bowling is weak. "But when first-class bowlers get knocked about as they do at present," says the writer referred to, "it is scarcely likely that young fellows will give up their time to bowling when they can have so much more fun at the bat. Now, a slight indentation in the ball would enable the bowler's fingers to get such a grip as to put a good deal of work on. He would be more likely to get wickets. The consequence would be that at the public schools youngsters would be encouraged to bowl. The advantage such an alteration would give the bowler would attract the schoolboy. The matter seems scarcely, if at all, to have been discussed from the point of view of the modern bowler. The reason is not far to seek. The amateur batsman is the regular writer of the present day. The professional bowler does not boast literary talent. I do not, as the scoffing correspondent seems to think, wish to see a cricket ball like a golf ball, or an orange with a hole in it." All this authority suggests is that the cricket ball should be slightly flattened in order to give the bowler more control over it. The proposal is certainly novel, but on that score it is not necessarily unworthy of consideration.

Upper Canada College Old Boys beat the present day cricketers of the school handsomely last Saturday by 94 to 57 on the first innings. J. L. Somerville, J. Lindsey and J. Lang (not out) for the Old Boys, made 17, 18, and 15 runs respectively. G. F. Strath's 21 runs and not out for the College was the best accomplishment by the younger generation of batters.

Another defeat was administered to Upper Canada College by the Royal Military College eleven on Monday, the latter making 54 and 103 for 4 wickets, and declaring their innings closed, while the U.C.C. only made 86 and 37. The Kingston people again, in a sense, carried off the palms on Tuesday in their match with Toronto-Rosedale, for though the score stood 222 to 150 in favor of the latter, Major Straubenzie for the visitors scored the first century of the season, keeping up his wickets throughout almost the entire innings. Toronto-Rosedale's batting was generally most creditable, particularly Lowsonborough's 74. Somerville's 32 (not out), and King-mill's 33.

Some good batting was done in the cricket match last Saturday between the Peterboro' Colts and Trinity College School, Port Hope, by Francis, Greey and Carry, of the latter team, who made 38, 42 and 50 runs respectively. The total score of the School for one innings was 187. Mason and Carry, the School bowlers, held Peterboro' down to 25 runs in their first innings, and 30 for four wickets in their second.

The Parkdale vs. Toronto-Rosedale cricket match last Saturday resulted in an easy victory for the former by 85 to 34. Lightfoot and Chambers for Parkdale did most effective bowling, the former having the splendid analysis of 9 overs, 4 maidens, 11 runs and 6 wickets; Chambers got 4 for 19. For the losers, Montgomery took 6 wickets for 33.

Gordon-Mackay added another to their list of victories last Saturday, defeating the Woodbine Cricket Club by 64 to 10.

Last Saturday was an ideal day for the royal old game of bowls, and the second day of the R.C.Y.C. Lawn Bowling tourney was most successful. This Saturday the Canada rink, skipped by Dr. Henwood, of the Canada Club, will play D. Carlyle's Prospect Park rink in the final of the main contest.

On the Victoria Lawn Bowlers' lawn on Tuesday, the Granites defeated their hosts by 49 shots. The same day the Thistles, on their own lawn, beat the Canada Club in a three-rink match by 50 to 27.

The Argonauts' spring races resulted in a victory for the crew stroked by Joe Wright in the final of the fours, by over a length. The time made by this crew, 4.39 3-5, was the fastest ever recorded in the club's spring races. Gold medals and pins were afterwards presented to the winning crews at the hands of Mrs. Burritt. Results follow:

Semi-final A—C. F. Pentland (bow), H. Wylie, J. W. Barry, A. K. Macdougall (st.), 1; H. H. Bastedo (bow), G. W. Marriott, J. B. Watson, C. E. Howarth (st.), 2; A. F. Hall (bow), J. Brown, F. L. Craig, A. Bedford-Jones (st.), 3. Time, 4.43 3-5.

Semi-final B—V. N. Kirkpatrick (bow), S. J. Schulte, Dr. Graham, Joseph Wright (st.), 1; G. Webber (bow), A. S. Howers, H. Fisher, C. O. Fellowes (st.), 2; W. D. Greer, (bow), F. Gordon, H. E. Ridout, H. A. Baldwin (st.), 3. Time, 4.45 4-5.

Final—V. N. Kirkpatrick (bow), S. J. Schulte, Dr. Graham, Joseph Wright (st.), 1; H. Wylie (bow), C. F. Pentland, J. W. Barry, A. K. Macdougall (st.), 2; H. H. Bastedo (bow), G. W. Marriott, J. B. Watson, C. E. Howarth (st.), 3. Time, 4.39 3-5.

In the novice singles at the Canoe Club, J. J. Vaughan finished first, A. Pardoe second. Norman Brown captured the intermediates, with A. McNichol second. In the tilting W. F. Hayes and R. N. Brown made short work of W. A. Clark and A. Morrell. E. H. Richards and A. Pardoe did the same to Clarkson and Ginton. Dill and Sylvester put Rogers and McNichol out of business after quite an interesting bout. In the semi-finals E. H. Richards and A. Pardoe beat Hayes and Brown, and in the final tussle, after a long and very interesting series of thrusts and counters, R. S. Dill and S. A. Sylvester managed to do the trick to E. H. Richards and A. Pardoe. A delightfully successful hop followed the events in the evening.

Griffiths' Bros. Typhoon ran away from the other craft in the Parkdale Sailing Club's race for the dinghy, 15 and 16-foot, classes, last Saturday. There were eight contestants: Griffiths' Bros. Typhoon, Frank Howard's Britannia, Frank Patterson's Viva, all 16-foot skiffs (scratch); Coles Bros. ballasted 16-footer, Pickle, and Harry Weir's 15-footer Marie (1 minute); J. W. Commeford's ballasted 16-footer, Alert (1 1-3 minutes); Marsh & Snider's 15-footer, Bobs (2 minutes), and Harry Pridham's sailing dinghy Romp (6 minutes). Typhoon made the most of a light breeze, gaining steadily on every leg and finishing the second round of the 14-mile course three minutes after the rest of the fleet had finished the first round.

In the Queen City Club's race for 16-footers, only three of five competitors finished. R. Osborne's Do Do came in first with 45 seconds to spare, followed by R. Slee's Caprice and A. J. Phillips' White Cap.

It has been decided by the Race Committee of the Toronto Hunt Club to hold the autumn meeting at the Woodbine course for seven days, beginning Saturday, September 8, and ending Saturday, September 15. This year it is intended to increase the number of stakes and events closing in advance, and it is proposed to give additional races for Canadian-bred horses. The dates this year are earlier than usual, and immediately follow the Exhibition, but it is thought that the warm weather will draw out larger numbers than usual, and that the racing will be more enjoyable.

The total value of the seventeen events secured by five American jockeys at Ascot is £23,044, while the English jockeys won only £13,085. Altogether the eight Americans who rode had sixty-nine mounts in twenty-six races, getting places forty times. Sloan out of nineteen mounts had six firsts, four seconds and five thirds; L. Reiff out of fourteen mounts had four firsts and two thirds. Reviewing the racing of the week in "The Sporting Times," John Corlett writes:

"Again the great feature was the extraordinary success of the American jockeys, which amounts to the revelation that our own jockeys have, with few exceptions, become utterly deteriorated. We were already well aware of this, but did not think the case was so bad as it proves to be. There is no fad of fashion in the employment of Americans. On the other hand, they had to fight prejudice and overcome ridicule. The position they have won has been gained by sheer merit. On Cup Day especially their successes were most remarkable. They ride with their heads as well as with their hands. If a horse has it in him they bring it out."

There were over 1,000 starters, including thirty women and two boys, in a century run at New York last Saturday. This does not look as though bicycle racing were passing out of vogue.

Moss Park lawn tennis players defeated St. Matthew's Saturday by 8 events to 1. Varsity's Lawn Tennis Club defeated the Canadas by 7 events to 2. Osgoode was downed by the Toronto Club representatives by 5 events to 4.

Two Hundred Centuries Ahead.

IF the fifty thousand-and-odd hundreds of runs compiled by W. G. Grace during his first-class cricket career up to date had all been conscientiously run out, the doctor's aggregate run would considerably exceed the finest efforts of Generals Louis Botha and Lucas Meyer, who are doing their best to stagger humanity with their wonderful feats of locomotion, says Harmsworth's "Answers."

How W. G.'s aggregate run compares with those of Ranji, F. S. Jackson, and Tom Hayward can be gauged from our diagram, where the champion is observed striding from Land's End to Orkney, a distance of six hundred and twenty-seven miles; whilst Ranji steps from Dorchester to Shrewsbury (145 1-2 miles), F. S. Jackson from Weymouth to Lichfield (145 miles), and Tom Hayward from Southampton to Loughborough (132 miles).

At the time of Grace's jubilee, in 1898, his aggregate of runs was most nearly approached by W. W. Read, with 22,330 runs; but to-day—or, rather, at the beginning of the season—Abel is the runner-up, with 23,771 runs, equivalent to a peregrination, if all the hits were run out, extending from the Oval to Roxburgh, in Scotland, with Arthur Shrewsbury (23,325), W. W. Read (22,330), and Gunn (22,086), close up; A. E. Stoddart, W. L. Murdoch, and A. Ward in the middle distance; and Ranji (11,639 runs), F. S. Jackson (11,594), T. Hayward (10,555), and A. C. McLaren (8,890), a considerable way behind.

When "W. G." completed his 50,000 runs in his thirty-fifth successive appearance in the Gentlemen v. Players' match at Lord's last year, he had played 1,223 completed innings, with an average of over forty, an average eclipsed by only one batsman over an extensive period—namely, Ranjitsinhji, who has, with all due deference to his marvellous ability, been somewhat favored by the weather during his career.

Scoring at the average rate of thirty runs an hour would entail the presence at the wicket of any batsman wishing to rival the champion's feat during 304 full days' cricket. On each of these days about 525 balls would be bowled, of which the batsman, if he was up to the Grace standard, might receive perhaps 333—that is to say, at the close of the 304th day the player would have dealt with 101,232 deliveries, and scored from them 50,000-odd runs.

If each ball, on an average, was hit forty-four yards, twice the length of a cricket-pitch, the aggregate hit would amount to almost four and a half million yards—that is to say, 2,530 miles, which is about the distance separating Pretoria from St. Helena, plus a couple of hundred miles. We leave to the curious the calculation of the tons of energy required to make this remarkable drive. We would point out, however, that five or six years ago, when "W. G." had compiled 45,000 runs, an energetic statistician stated that his work in the field was equivalent to hitting a ball "125,000 yards in circumference, and weighing 220



"You poor boy! What does he need so many clubs for?"
"Oh, jest ter make me carry 'em!"

tons, a distance of 12,500 miles," a most interesting statement, but one we are unable to verify.

Golf.

A TEAM from the Toronto Club plays Rochester this afternoon on the links of the latter club.

The Rosedale Club gave Hamilton a severe beating at Rosedale on Saturday. The Hamilton team of 18 was down to the tune of 51 holes.

Golfers who visited the Toronto links on Saturday were given a rare treat. One of the closest and most interesting matches ever witnessed in Toronto was played between A. W. Smith and George Lyon. It was one of the Osler trophy series, and places the winner in the semi-final. At the end of the 18th hole, Smith had pulled down Lyon's lead and tied the match. It was then agreed to play 4 more holes to get a decision, the result of this being also a tie. Both players took a little refreshment and again repaired to the links, playing the 1st, 8th, 9th, and 18th holes to cut the knot, Lyon winning on the last green. The play at the final hole was most interesting. Lyon drove a beautiful ball almost on to the green. Smith, whose age was telling on him after the hard game, had lost a bit of his nerve and fumbled his drive, landing in the drain at the side of the road. By a bit of play that has never been excelled in Toronto, he hooked his ball out of a most difficult lie with his niblick, going over the fence some distance to the west. He next played a beautiful brassy right on to the green, and went down only one stroke behind his opponent. Smith's score for the 18 holes was 85, Lyon's 88 approximated. To-day in the Osler trophy series Lyon plays Armour and V. C. Brown plays Jennings. It will be strange should the two Rosedale cracks come together in the trophy competition of the Toronto Club.

The ladies of the High Park Club journeyed to Peterboro' last week, defeating the home club in a most enjoyable game by 13 up. After being entertained at luncheon and tea they returned to Toronto with the most pleasant recollections of the trip.

The Fernhill Club loses one of its players in the person of Miss Crombie, who, as Mrs. Bagert, takes up her residence in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Auguste Bolte is visiting in Detroit, going to Cobourg later on, however, for the summer.

The final match for the Kay trophy was played off on Monday afternoon on the Rosedale links, Miss Rose Davidson winning from Miss Ethel Butler by 3 up and 2 to 0. Mrs. Kay's prize was a handsome gold belt buckle on which is engraved "R.C.C., 1900." It will be remembered that the finals for Mrs. Beardmore's prize a few weeks ago were played off by Miss Butler and Miss Davidson, Miss Butler winning in a close struggle after playing 66 holes.

The championship of the Metropolitan Women's Golf Association was brought to a close on Friday last. Miss Genevieve Hecker, the Wee Burn player, has the honor of holding the first championship of the association. She defeated Miss Ruth Underhill in a runaway match by 9 up and 7 to 0. Miss Hecker played a strong game, going out in 45, while bogey is only 42. The record that Findlay Douglas established is 39, so it will be seen that Miss Hecker did not miss very much. The Wee Burn player is small and slight, and plays with the greatest ease and grace. She has a fine full swing, carrying well through, driving a long clean ball. Her long game cannot well be improved upon, but she needs coaching with her irons and on the greens. Miss Underhill was a disappointment to her many friends, though she putted with deadly effect. Her style is more exaggerated than ever, and certainly is not proving more effective than in the past. The executive of the association has reason to be proud of itself on the manner in which the meet was conducted—the New York ladies having four days of magnificent sport. All eyes are now turned to the championship at Sunnecock Hills, August 28th to September 2nd, in the endeavor to pick a winner for the greatest golf event of the year. Reviewing the past year's golf it would appear as if the winner would be either Miss Hoyt, Miss Hecker, or Miss Lucas, of the Oil City Golf Club. The last named is looked upon as a dark horse, and is acknowledged to be a most magnificent driver. Her average is 160 yards and she is credited with having repeatedly driven 180 yards and over. At all events, this should win for her the long-driving competition, which went last year to Miss M. Oliver, with a carry of 164 yards: 8 inches. Miss Lucas' drives must certainly be phenomenal, as the average carry of a good player of the sterner sex is only 175 yards, and 200 at a press. Miss Hecker, by the by, also won the long-driving competition of the Metropolitan Association with three drives of 136, 128 and 149 yards each.

HAZARD.

Getting Near to Nature.

In an interview with the London "Daily Mail," George Bernard Shaw, the eccentric author, is alleged to have said: "When I want to work I have to go in the country in the fresh air, early in the morning. That is what makes my work different from that of other writers. They write in town, at night. First they poison themselves with alcohol and tobacco, drinking and smoking at their dinner, then they go in their studies, draw the blinds, turn on the light, and work. The consequence is that almost all of modern literature is drunken. The taint of tobacco, of wine, of meat-eating, runs right through it."

An American Girl's Prince.

Ferdinand Colonna, the dissolute Italian Prince who married Mrs. John W. Mackay's daughter, and who treated her so shamefully that she separated from him a few years ago, lately succeeded to eleven titles belonging to the Neapolitan branch of his family. He is now at the head of his historic family, but he still lives on his ex-wife under an agreement by which she took possession of their three children and allowed him ten thousand dollars a year for his support.

Society at the Capital.



OTTAWA has been this month honored by a visit from a Royal personage—the Princess Aribert, daughter of Princess Christian, and grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. Her Royal Highness arrived on Thursday morning, June 14, by private car, from Toronto, and was at once welcomed by His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, and induced to betake herself to Rideau Hall, which is looking its best in a bower of greenery. What was the matter with the powers that be in Toronto that they did not retain the distinguished visitor for at least a dine and sleep session? The Capital has interested Princess Aribert, and she has been about a good deal.

On the day of her arrival last week, after luncheon at Rideau, Lady Minto conducted her to the House, where she remained some little time. I hope it was not while a row was on, although probably that would have proved exciting. A dinner was hurriedly arranged that the Princess might be shown to her grandmother's prominent loyal subjects at the Canadian hub. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, the Postmaster-General, Senator Kirchhoff, Mrs. and Miss Kirchhoff, Judge and Mrs. Gwynn, Sir James and Miss Grant, Major and Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Coke, Mr. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Ogilvie, and Mr. St. John were the guests honored by a bid. On Friday the Princess and the Government House party went to the Chat Rapids.

Two interesting preachers in Ottawa last Sunday were the Provost of Trinity College, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, and Rev. Father Gendreau, O.M.T., from Dawson City. Mr. Street Macklem talked about the need of greater men than have been, and the Rev. Father talked of the Church and the lie in the El Dorado of the northern zone. As Sunday was the feast of Corpus Christi, Father Gendreau participated in the celebration. He is a guest at Ottawa University.

The fire sufferers are no longer those rendered homeless by the devastating element, rather those whose unselfish kindness led them to undertake the management and direction of the relief fund. It is quite the thing to find fault with them, if you've nothing better to occupy you.

The summer exodus to Aylmer has located several well-known persons and their families in the big handsome hotel there.

Mr. Albert Tasse and Miss Bertha Leclair were married at six o'clock on Monday morning in St. Ann's church. They are honeymooning for three months in Boston, where Mr. Tasse is studying vocal music. Before the marriage his friends presented the bridegroom-elect with a purse of gold. The reception and breakfast took place at Mr. Leclair's home in Clarence street.

Hon. Justice Girouard and his family have gone to their summer home, "Quatre Vents," Dorval. Miss Mary Gray is visiting Mrs. Robinson in Kingston. Miss Helen Coultee is also there. Lady Bourinot and her family are summering at Kingsmere.

The golf links were the scene of a very pretty tea, of which Mrs. Bob Gill was hostess, last Friday afternoon. Mrs. Gill received in a very pretty grey crepe de chine. Other well-gowned women were:

Mrs. Allan Gilmour in white, with salad green ribbons and hat of violets.

Mrs. Frederick Powell in bluette crepe de chine, embroidered with silver.

Mrs. Jack Carling in Neapolitan blue applied with white, with embroidery.

Mrs. Philpotts in white pique and becoming large black hat.

Mrs. Middleton in blue and white mou-seline de soie. Miss Mabel Richardson, in a rose pink organdie, with lace, white and black hat.

Mrs. Broderick, in pink and black silk, accordion pleated frills and black applique; black chapeau.

Miss Stevenson, white applique with green, and pink silk.

Miss Honor Clayton wore white organdie and insertion, large black hat.

Miss Kathleen O'Hara wore blue and white silk, black velvet bands, white hat.

Mrs. John Hodgins was in grey, and large black picture hat.

Mrs. Charles Turner was in white pique, smart red golf jacket of knitted silk.

Mrs. A. J. Palmer wore white duck and blue ribbons, blue hat.

Mrs. Gormully wore purple cloth.

Miss Thistle wore white and green and black hat.

Mrs. Ogilvie wore white pique and white hat trimmed with rosebuds.

Mrs. Fortescue wore grey silk, trimmed with dark grey applique.

Miss Fielding wore white pique, large white feather hat.

The cricket match last week, with an eleven from Rideau Hall, led by His Excellency, and an eleven from the House, pitted against each other, was witnessed by a merry party whom Lady Minto had bidden for the afternoon. Needless to say, the "form" exhibited by some of the players surprised their friends the spectators, who had not believed they had not seen.

Major and Mrs. Drummond leave for England on the twenty-fifth of next month. 'Tis ever thus!

THE OTHER FELLOW.

The Duke of Norfolk



The leading Roman Catholic layman of England. Resigned from the Cabinet and went to the war, presumably as a protest against the pro-Boer attitude of the Vatican. Was seriously injured the other day by a fall from his horse.

Tramps—Migratory and Otherwise.



JOSIAH FLYNT, who writes very entertainingly and intelligently about tramps, having investigated their habits by himself becoming a "hobo" and attending their "hang-outs," relates in a recent magazine article his observations of what tramps read. He shows that many of their class have a well-developed taste for literature, and devour not only novels and newspapers, when they can get them, but even works of a serious nature. Any book, it appears, which "shows up" what the tramp considers the unreasonable inequalities in our social conditions appeals to him, and thoughts in regard to such matters filter through the various social strata and reach the tramp class more rapidly than the reader would think. At the same time, it must be admitted that the tramp's interest in social and moral discussions is speculative rather than practical. He seldom takes to heart any of the wisdom of the good books he may chance to read, or tries to live up to it in his every-day life.

"In the majority of cases," says Mr. Flynt, "he considers himself a being apart from the rest of the world, so far as moral responsibility is concerned. He likes to ponder over the moral obligations of others, and to suggest schemes for a general social regeneration, but he finds it irksome and unpleasant to apply his advice and recommendations to his own existence. Theoretically, he has what he would call a religion, but he no more expects to live up to his religion than he intends to work when he can get out of it." He has even been known at times to indulge in doctrinal controversy and to quote Scripture in support of his contentions. He likes to sing hymns. "In jail or out, it has happened to be in a singing mood, it is only necessary to start such hymns as 'Pull for the Shore,' 'There were Ninety and Nine,' and 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?' and this tattered and uncouth creature breaks forth into song. . . . At night, on a Western prairie, where he and his pals have built a 'hang-out' near a railroad track, there is no more picturesque scene in all Hobo-land than when he stands up, starts a tune, and the others rise and join him."

It is easy to find the weak point in such a character as the writer has depicted. The absurd figure cut by the tramp who has read good books, studied social problems, and loves sentimental hymns, yet chooses to beg, bum, and steal his way through the world, is both humorous and pathetic. But there are people whose conduct is quite as illogical and open to satire who are not tramps. Indeed, very few men or women live up to the theories they go about propounding, or make a full practical application of what they recognize, speculatively, as truth, to their own life and conduct. A small percentage—a Tolstoi here, a Trappist father there—may do so. Such people are generally looked on as cranks. But whether their theories be sane or insane, they are to be admired for their courage in following what to them is truth. Those of us who go about filled up with so-called opinions which we are failing to put into practice, with glimmerings of righteousness pent up in our breasts, with poor sprouts of truth trying to struggle into blossom but dwarfed and repressed because we will not let them grow—are we not, after all, tramps, differing from the much-condemned Willie and Dusty Rhodes, not in kind, but only in degree? The great need of the time in the churches is not, perhaps, more money; nor in the press, less sensationalism; nor in politics, more stringent laws against the corruptionist—so much as, in every department of life, a few more men who will put their convictions into practice and cease being moral hoboes.

ZETA.

This life of ours is one far-spreading yeldt.
O'er which we ever trek. Wise they who've felt
That he who hopes to mount the highest kopje
Must trek and trek and trek and never stoppe.
—Modern Society.

How to Write a Novel.

"HOORAY!"

"You bet your life!"

"Hoot, mon, hoot!"

It is always well to commence your novel with something like the above, something that will at once seize the attention of the reader, and lead him to believe that your story is going to be interesting. If this has been properly done you will probably be able to conduct him through two or three pages of prosy explanation, to know which is absolutely necessary, if the plot is to be understood.



All up-to-date novelists, including such masters of fiction as Nick Carter and Richard Harding Davis, long ago discarded the practice once so popular of beginning the story with a description of the weather. Its disadvantages are obvious. If, for instance, you commence in this style: "It was a bleak night in December. The biting, sleety wind pursued the belated wayfarer with merciless severity,"—it is safe to wager that your reader will at once begin to wonder if the furnace needs to be looked after, or how he is going to pay for that last ton of coal, or something equally engrossing. The result will be that when at last you lure his wandering thoughts back to your tale, he will be in such a disagreeable frame of mind that he will object to everything you say. He will probably end by throwing your book into the corner, and reading David Harum for the fifth time.

If, on the other hand, you go to the opposite extreme, and begin in this fashion: "The scorching breath of the desert stirred up the sand in clouds about us, as we staggered forward, almost dead with heat and thirst,"—the result will be practically the same. The dispenser of liquid refreshments at the next corner will be materially benefited, and the ice-man, if he happens to arrive opportunely, will probably get a larger order than usual, but your book will hardly become the power for good that you expected. For if the former course is pursued, when your reader arrives home again he will hardly be in a condition to appreciate your loftiness of conception or your superb powers of description; whereas if the latter possibility happens he will be so worried about the rapidly with which a large piece of ice becomes a small one, that it will be utterly impossible for him to concentrate his mind on your effusion.

Some authors are in the habit of beginning the first chapter with statements which are utterly unintelligible to the reader until he has read four or five chapters of the book. Here is an example: "She was in the wrong. There was not the slightest doubt of it in the mind of Uncle Dick," while Miss Chalmers was so positive about it that she wrote a long letter to Gwendoline explaining just how Minnie had happened to be in the wrong." All this is very tiresome, and, after perusing two or three sentences like the above, the average man will come to the conclusion that he doesn't give a hang whether she was wrong or right.

Of course, your beginning must depend largely on the class of readers for whom you are writing. For instance, if your novel is to appeal to the male portion of the edu-

Animal Intelligence Exemplified.

Judge.



First Rooster—Say, fellows, that work of art gives me an idea. Come over to the corn-field and I'll show you.



First Rooster—Steady, fellows! I'll soon let you have your turn. Funny we didn't think of this trick before.

cated public you had better commence with:

"You're a liar!" or
"Have something, boys!"

On catching sight of the former, the male reader will at once read farther to see what happened to the man who used the rash words; and if the latter is used he will be curious to know just what they took, and how long they kept it up. In either case, you have secured your reader's undivided attention.

If, on the other hand, your work is destined to be a society novel, read principally by the ladies, you might employ some such device as this:

"The D. Beatin Company had announced a bargain sale and young Mrs. Tuft-Hunter had determined to avail herself of the opportunity to buy a nice new necktie for her husband's friend, Reginald de Bloke."

Another effective way of securing the attention of the fair sex would be by beginning:

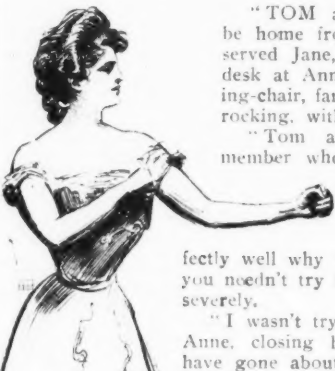
"Her whole costume was simply divine," followed by a minute description of everything, from her fichu to her shoe laces.

The latter is heroic treatment, because every woman who does not like the way in which you dress your heroine will use your literary triumph for curl-papers, and tell all her friends that the book is not worth reading.

When, having carefully considered all these methods of beginning your novel, and having at last decided which will best suit your purpose, you are all ready to commence work on the book which is to make you famous, just at that moment, lay it firmly aside. Then go down into the basement, and chop coal for the gas-stove, or something like that—something useful.

G. F. M-FARLAND.

A Little Bout With Jane



"TOM and Eugene will soon be home from South Africa," observed Jane, looking up from her desk at Anne, who sat in a rocking-chair, fanning herself lazily, and rocking, with her eyes half closed.

"Tom and Eugene—don't remember who you mean," drawled Anne, with half a smile.

"Yes, you do. And you know perfectly well why they went to the war; you wouldn't try to fool me," said Jane, severely.

"I wasn't trying to fool you," said Anne, closing her eyes. "I would have gone about it quite differently if I had."

"You fooled Tom and Eugene," snapped Jane. "How?" enquired Anne.

"You know you did," said Jane, lamely.

"Well, they deserved to be fooled. They told me they were going to the front just because some girl wouldn't marry them, but before they ever asked her to they had declared their firm intention of enlisting. They don't deserve any sympathy. They just went for spite in the end, and hoped that they would be killed so she would weep remorseful tears over their corpses, but if they do get killed, not a tear shall I weep, so there," said Anne, rocking her chair more energetically.

"You ought to be ashamed to be so heartless," said Jane, crossly.

"You would love to be heartless yourself, Jane, only you don't dare be," teased Anne, as the rocking-chair slowed up.

"Don't be so sure," said Jane, crosser than ever. "Anyway, it isn't heartlessness on my part, but lack of sentiment. People often forget that sentiment is not benevolence," mused Anne; "not that I make any claims to benevolence, either," she added, hastily.

"You had better not," said Jane. "I am not prepared to consider your claims to anything but egotism and laziness."

"You always were so soft over unfortunate people," sighed Anne, choosing her words with malice.

"Soft!" exclaimed Jane, indignantly. "Soft is not the word to describe pity," she said eloquently.

"Pity is only a sentiment of mingled melancholy and love," quoted Anne.

"Well, if I couldn't refer to any greater authority than that wretched old La Rochefoucauld, I should not consider my opinions of much weight," said Jane, who could not stand sarcasm.

"How did you know it was La Rochefoucauld?" asked Anne.

"Because La Rochefoucauld is the only writer that you can quote," sneered Jane.

"He's the only one that is adapted to quotation," said Anne at a venture. She wasn't quite sure.

"Aren't you going to be nice to Tom and Eugene when they come home?" asked Jane, changing the subject reluctantly.

"Oh, they wouldn't consider that I was nice to them unless I embraced them, and neither one would think I was glad to see him if I kissed the other; anyway, what good would it do them?" said Anne, sleepily.

"You encouraged Eugene the most, so you ought to be nice to him, anyway," Jane had her convictions.

"Encouraged Eugene? In what?" said Anne.

"You pretended that you liked him," said Jane.

"I did like him till he went away," returned Anne.

"Well, he liked you more than he would have if you had not encouraged him," continued Jane.

"But I wanted him to like me, so how do you expect

me not to encourage him?" said Anne, smiling.

"Did you want him to want to marry you?" asked Jane, scornfully.

"It seems that the only way to tell if a man really likes you is by an expressed desire to marry you but if there had been any other measurement I would have been more pleased, because you can't marry everybody, and lots of people can like you. It would be so much better if you could be liked without being wanted; but then, it would really not be the same fun being liked, if it was platonic. If I really liked anybody, I'm sure I should want him all to myself; still it would not shake my conviction that it is silly to want your favorites to be in your possession." Anne had no real convictions, and the expression of her ideas always amused her. She saw through them so clearly.

"Honestly now," said Jane, in a business-like voice, "don't you think you were wrong to make Eugene love you if you didn't want to marry him?"

"I don't know much about right and wrong," said Anne slowly. "Still, Eugene said I was a wretched flirt, in a tone that expressed condemnation. Of course, Eugene might have imposed his point of view on me, but he didn't succeed in doing that. I suppose he expressed your view of the matter, too. However, in the first place, flirting, to my mind, is being sentimental and talking about souls and moonlight without feeling any real aesthetic pleasure in the moonlight or the Over Soul that Emerson talks about. I never get sentimental, so I am not a flirt. Further than that, it is not necessary to pursue the discussion. Eugene danced about, and imagined that every time I indulged in repartee I was trying to hide an overflowing affection for him. He had no right to think that. I am honest enough to show my affection if I ever meet anybody real nice who will be equally honest with me." Anne clearly did not believe what she was saying.

"You will like somebody that won't care for you, then you will be sorry," said Jane.

"I won't like anybody that doesn't just adore me," said Anne resolutely. "As for retribution overtaking me, I don't believe in it. If I felt guilty, I might meet punishment, but I don't feel guilty, and that settles the question. I think it is silly to feel guilty just because somebody feels cross at you. Some people can be so blooded by suffering and a long face, but I can't. It did Eugene good to be turned down; it took some of the conceit from him. I feel sorrier for Tom, who tried to let on he had proposed for fun, even if it was only to spare his own feelings. They never try to appear unselfish over it—they always act horrid and drop their good manners. I just wish somebody would propose to me who would be perfectly polite, even if he did get a refusal. But I am sure I couldn't allow such a polite person to be refused very long. I should repent and recall him before he could get over liking me. They forget that their disappointment is not shared by you, and they are mad if they don't take some interest in their feelings. That is why some girls cry when they reject a person. It heals the wounded vanity of the rejected one, but I think it is better policy to be unsympathetic, they are more liable to recover in course of a short time, and they have something right there to begin to dislike you for."

Anne fanned herself with deliberation and looked out of the window. Jane gave a scornful sniff and resumed her writing.

JL.

Allegories of Love.

"YOU should have your eyes attended to," they told the Cynic. But he said, "I have tried many doctors, and they can do nothing for them. These smoked glasses that I wear are very ugly, and of little real use, but I have become so accustomed to wearing them that there is no need of change. I am satisfied as I am."

But as he was passing a certain house one day he saw the legend, "Dr. U. I. Love, who cures Maladies of the Eyes. Examination free."

"I can guess what he will be like," the Cynic said to himself. Nevertheless, on a sudden impulse, he entered.

Now a friend espied him going in, and hurried after him. "Come out, come away!" he cried. "This Dr. Love is but a quack practitioner; he ruined my eyesight completely. He should be driven out of town."

But the oculist laughed at him gently, till he went away, shamefacedly.

And under the spell of his glance the Cynic stayed, and was fitted with rose-colored glasses in place of the ugly smoked ones.

Delighted to see the world in so new and wondrous a guise, the former Cynic went his way, and sang the praises of this Dr. Love.

Yet on a day he sought the office again, downcast.

"Good doctor," said he, "I fear that you have used me ill, but I come again for treatment. You cure maladies of the eyes, indeed, but only give in exchange a malady of the heart—cure me again, I pray, for the remedy is worse than the disease."

But the little doctor only chuckled. "Nay," he said, "I can do nothing. Truly you should have thought of that before. Yet there have been many worse cases than yours, if that is any comfort to you."

So the sufferer went away with his happy eyes and wounded heart. And he sent many patients to the untrustworthy physician, unknowing, for they did but look at his eyes, nor stayed to see the other traces of the handiwork of "U. I. Love, M.D."

The friend of the Millionaire, after a long and weary search, had caught the Butterfly of Love in a net, and thus addressed his prey, at which he gazed delightedly: "You have led me a weary dance ever since I was thirty, and that has been for five years. Now I am going to take you to

the Millionaire, who will buy you for much money, and I shall be rich all the rest of my life."

"Such a long time as that will be!" the Butterfly breathed softly. "And just to think that I used to dance in and out of your net when you were twenty—and you brushed me aside, nor cared enough to put forth your hand and take me. So you think you are bearing me to the Millionaire! It has been a long chase, but it is up at last. Your cruel fingers bruised me, and I am laid to die."

Then it folded its wings, the Butterfly of Love, and lay very still.

Which, when its captor beheld, he grew afraid, but he did not open the net. For the conquest had been hard, and he took no chances. But a struggle went on in his heart, and at last he said, as his footsteps were stayed beside the Millionaire's door, "I gave five years of my life to capturing you for my friend, and now I cannot give you to him. You are not dead, you are only shamming; but you are mine, and not his. I may do what I will with you. So I give you freedom, for since you cannot be my friend's I were no friend of his if I kept you for myself—so, though it breaks my heart, Go!"

Then he opened the net, and the Butterfly of Love rose, oh, so slowly and wearily! for a little distance—then fluttered to his feet as if beseeching to be caught again by him.

But he turned and left it, lying fainting on the stone steps of the Millionaire's house.

And the rich man found it and took it in. Then it died.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.

"Quien Sabe?"

Verse-maker, make us some rhymes.

Take the thought of a happy Spring.

Wreath it with sounds of the whispering woods,

And the rivulet's murmuring;

A hint of wild violets washed with dew,

And the grace of the meadow-lark's wing.

Songmaker, chant us a song.

With harmonies full and deep,

With melody thrilling with martial fire.

And minors that almost weep;

A wistful theme that shall make us dream.

And hush our unrest to sleep.

Yet, you may but learn the rhymes,

While a wordless song I sing.

And long apart the two may dwell,

Ne'er closer adventuring.

Who knows? When your words shall meet my song,

Will it answer life's questioning?

RICHARD SCRACE.

Leaves From a Cynic's Diary.

NOT every man you meet with a vacant look is "full." This is a fortunate or unfortunate fact, according to your own point of view.

Life is indeed a weariness. We have no sooner commenced to master the alphabetical conundrums that pass for names in South Africa than the newspapers steer us up against the lingo of Chinese geography.

Empty heads often bear a more intimate relationship to empty stomachs than the socialistic reformer cares to admit.

'Tis to be feared that the annual church convention is looked forward to by many a rural parson chiefly because it gives him a welcome opportunity to invest his hard-earned stipend at the city bargain counters.

Every man wants more than he has, but nearly every woman is chiefly taken up with wanting more than her neighbor has.

Quo Vadis in London.

Thanks to the contagious patronage of royalties and the clergy, Quo Vadis seems to have entered upon a safe career of prosperity in London.

One of the most popular actors connected with the piece is Mr. Edmund Gurney, the big gladiator, Ursus. Mr. Gurney is an Irishman, and was educated at a Catholic seminary near Dublin. He afterwards travelled on the Continent. In London he has played some memorable character parts, chief among which is his never-to-be-forgotten prize-fighter in The Lady of Ostend. He has a genial temper, a waggish wit, and is an adept at the game of spoof. Before the production of Quo Vadis he told one story that almost got into print in a way that would have cost the scribe without a sense of humor his position, says that gossip journal, "M. A. P."

A great many press people looked Mr. Gurney up before the play was produced in order to ask if he really did kill a bull every night, as the posters seem to indicate. "Ursus" has a fertile invention, and he told all the reporters different stories. He told the serious man, who came near printing it, that he killed a bull every night by twisting its neck. He explained that it took a bit of doing, but said he didn't mind it, as he was strong in the arms, and the bulls were only Spanish ones—the only kind of bull he feared being an Irish bull. He also added that all expenses were being defrayed by the proprietors of Bovril, who would have an advertisement in the arena, and would have all the carcasses made into meat extract on the spot. The joke was only explained when the writer brought the proofs to Mr. Gurney, to make sure that the remarkable details had been correctly set down.

What the Yellow Cards Mean.

Our fellow-countrymen who are going to the Paris Exposition without a thorough knowledge of the ways of the city of light must not be afraid of the yellow tickets they see on door-jambes, suggests a Gotham gossipier. They do not indicate quarantine because of infectious diseases, but simply inform one that there are furnished apartments within for the wayfarer. A white ticket similarly situated means that apartments or rooms unfurnished are to be had. In New York the searcher after apartments is embarrassed by the necessity of climbing high stoops to read on a small white card what kinds of accommodation are offered. The Parisians avoid this by coloring the ticket so that the searcher may see across the street what he is or is not looking for.

An actor says he avoids the coast towns because of the light houses.



Mr. Hi Fly—I am certainly stuck on this particular brand of fly-paper, and yet, at the same time, I certainly am not!

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, July 3, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, July 10, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tuesday, July 17, 10 a.m.
 Trav, Tuesday, July 24, 10 a.m.
 Saxe, Tuesday, July 31, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, Aug. 7, 10 a.m.
 New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen

Bremen, Thursday, July 5, 10 a.m.
 Barbarossa, Thursday, July 12, 10 a.m.
 Koenigin Luise, Thursday, July 19, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

Genoa, Naples, Genoa
 Aller, June 30; Kaiser Wm. II, July 7; Emp.
 July 21; Werra, August 4; Kaiser Wm. II,
 August 18.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

19 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

Fast Express Service
 New York—Southampton—London
 Calling Westbound at Cherbourg
 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
 St. Paul, June 27; New York, July 11
 St. Louis, July 4; St. Paul, July 18
 St. Louis, July 25

R.D. STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris
 Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
 "Southwest," June 29; "Kensington," July 4
 "Westernland," June 27; "Noordland," July 11
 "These steamers carry cabin and third-class
 passengers at low rates."

SEA RESORTS

Prince Edward Island Coast, Halifax and
 vicinity. Fortnightly sailings by S.S. Campana.
 July 2, 16, 30; August 13.

UPPER LAKES

Cleveland, Detroit,
 Mackinac, Duluth.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Steamship Agent, 19 Yonge Street, Toronto

The New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Co.

For Havana, Mexico,
 Nassau, Santiago

R. M. MELVILLE

Can. Pass. Agent
 40 TORONTO STREET TORONTO

The Wabash Railroad Company

Is now acknowledged to be the great
 through car line between the east and
 the west, the best appointed and most
 up-to-date railroad in America. All
 Wabash trains have free reclining
 chair cars, and are solid, wide vesti-
 bule from head-light to rear platform.
 Passengers leaving Toronto via even-
 ing train reach St. Louis, Mo., next
 afternoon at 2 p.m.; Kansas City, 9:30
 p.m.; far away Texas and Colorado
 points next afternoon. Full particu-
 lars from any railroad agent, or J. A.
 Richardson, district passenger agent,
 north-east corner King and Yonge
 streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Broilers in Sleeping Cars.

This is what you find in the sleeper
 which runs between Toronto and New
 York via the Canadian Pacific and
 New York Central. Any kind of a
 chop, steak, or chicken can be served
 from the buffet on short notice. Pat-
 rons of this line will appreciate this as
 a step in the right direction.

Anecdotal.

During a committee meeting pre-
 ceding the late Ecumenical Conference
 in New York, a speaker was dwell-
 ing upon the cheapness of human life
 in China. He dwelt especially upon
 the fact that, when a Chinaman is
 condemned to death, he may always
 find a substitute to die in his place.
 "And," he added, "I have heard that
 many poor fellows earn their living
 by acting as substitutes in that man-
 ner."

A young theological student who
 supplied the pulpit in a Vermont vil-
 lage one summer, had a habit of em-
 phasizing pronouns which his in-
 structor in elocution had endeavored
 in vain to correct. The involuntary
 smiles of his rural congregation one
 Sunday, however, worked the change
 for which his friends and professors
 had longed. He was reading the
 thirteenth chapter of First Kings, and
 on coming to the twenty-seventh
 verse, he said distinctly: "And he
 spoke to his sons, saying, Saddle ME
 the ass. And they saddled HIM."

A good story is being told of an at-
 taché of the Belgian Legation, who
 rather resented being sent to Wash-
 ington after a diplomatic experience
 in London, and who superciliously an-
 nounced, on arriving there, that he
 would speak only French, as he did
 not wish, having learned his English
 in London, to corrupt it in Amer-
 ica. At a recent reception a deep
 impression was made upon him by a
 very lovely girl, and he at once asked
 to be presented. To a friend who
 made known his request, the young
 woman replied: "Quite impossible! I
 learned my French in Paris, and I
 cannot corrupt it by talking with a
 Belgian."

A South African farmer who had
 lost some cows by the cattle plague was
 fully persuaded that he had himself
 been attacked by the epidemic. Forth-
 with he hurried off and consulted his

medical man, who tried to laugh him
 out of the absurd notion, but to no
 purpose. The farmer then went to
 an old, well-known practitioner, who,
 being a bit of a wag, and seeing how
 matters stood, entered minutely into
 the details of the case, expressed his
 concurrence with the patient's views,
 and told him he could cure him. The
 doctor thereupon wrote a prescription,
 sealed it up, and told the farmer to
 go to a druggist in the next town.
 The farmer lost no time in going with
 the prescription, but was somewhat
 startled when the druggist showed
 him the formula, which ran thus:
 "This man has the cattle plague.
 Take him into the back yard and
 shoot him, according to law."
 That cured him.

Not long ago the Duke of Cambridge,
 while visiting in Rome, called on the
 Pope. Thinking it would be the polite
 thing to address His Holiness in Latin,
 the Duke spent many days and nights
 polishing up his half-forgotten school-
 boy knowledge. The Pope also thought
 that it would be but courteous to have
 the distinguished member of the British
 Royal family hear only his mother
 tongue while within the walls of the
 Palace, so not only did he himself
 carefully rehearse polite speeches in
 English with which to receive his
 caller, but he also gave orders that
 only servants who could speak a little
 of that tongue should be on duty when
 His Royal Highness arrived. So when
 the Duke reached the palace, before
 he could get out a word of his care-
 fully prepared Latin, servants and
 guards greeted him in English, all the
 way to the Pope's ante-chamber. There
 the smiling Monsignor met him with
 low bows and the familiar words:
 "Might I relieve your Royal High-
 ness of your hat?" This was too much
 for good old George, who broke out
 with: "Well, I'm d—d!"

The recent marriage of Mr. Justice
 Day, who is reputed to be the most
 solemn judge on the English bench,
 recalls a story which the learned
 judge frequently tells against himself.
 It is also treasured by others as being
 the scene of the one authentic instance
 of Mr. Justice Day smiling. It hap-
 pened that an important case was in
 the list, and the Court was short of
 jurors. In spite of the shortage,
 however, one of those bulwarks of lib-
 erty stepped forth and asked to be
 excused. He was a long, lean spec-
 imen of a bulwark, in very rusty black,
 with a foot of crape concealing the
 greater part of the grease on his hat,
 and he distressfully wiped his eyes
 with a black-bordered handkerchief as
 he put forth his request to be let off.
 "And why?" sternly demanded the
 judge.

"If you please, my lord," tearfully
 answered the object, swallowing his
 sobs, "I desire to attend a funeral."
 "Oh, well, I must let you off," said
 Mr. Justice Day, whose sympathy was
 at once enlisted, and he, moreover, said
 it as if he hoped that he would have
 a nice funeral.

After the man had expressed his
 grateful thanks and slid away like
 lightning into the unknown, the judge
 suddenly thought of asking his as-
 sistant, "What is that man by trade?"
 "An undertaker, my lord."
 And Mr. Justice Day smiled.

Boxes of Gold

Sent for Letters About Grape-Nuts

230 boxes of gold and greenbacks will
 be sent to persons writing interesting
 and truthful letters about the good
 that has been done them by the use
 of Grape-Nuts food.

20 little boxes, each containing a \$10
 gold piece, will be sent to the 10 writers
 of the most interesting letters.

20 boxes each containing a \$5 gold
 piece to the 20 next most interesting
 writers, and a \$1 greenback will go to
 each of the 200 next best. A commu-
 nication of 3 to make decision and the prizes
 sent on July 3, 1900.

Write plain, sensible letters, giving
 detailed facts of ill-health caused from
 improper food, and explain the im-
 provement, the gain in strength, in
 weight or in brain power after using
 Grape-Nuts food.

It is a profound fact that most ailments
 of humanity come from improper and
 non-nourishing food, such as white
 bread, hot biscuit, starchy and un-
 cooked cereals, etc.

A change to perfectly cooked, pre-
 digested food like Grape-Nuts, scientifi-
 cally made and containing exactly the
 elements nature requires for building
 the delicate and wonderful cells of
 brain and body, will quickly change a
 half-sick person to a well person.

Food, good food, is Nature's strongest
 weapon of defence.

Include in letter the true names and
 addresses, carefully written, of 20 per-
 sons, not very well, to whom we can
 write regarding the food saved my
 Grape-Nuts.

Almost everyone interested in pure
 food is willing to have his or her name
 appear in the papers for such help as
 they may offer the human race. A
 request, however, to omit name will be
 respected. Try for one of the 230
 prizes. Everyone has an equal show.
 Don't write poetry, but just honest
 and interesting facts about the good
 you have obtained from the pure food
 Grape-Nuts. If a man or woman has
 found a true way to get well and keep
 well, it should be a pleasure to stretch
 a helping hand to humanity by telling
 the facts.

Write your name and address plain-
 ly on letter and mail promptly to the
 Postum Cereal Company (Limited),
 Battle Creek, Mich. Prizes sent July 3.

A precious perfume comes from close
 crushed flowers.

And fruits give out their wine within
 the press;

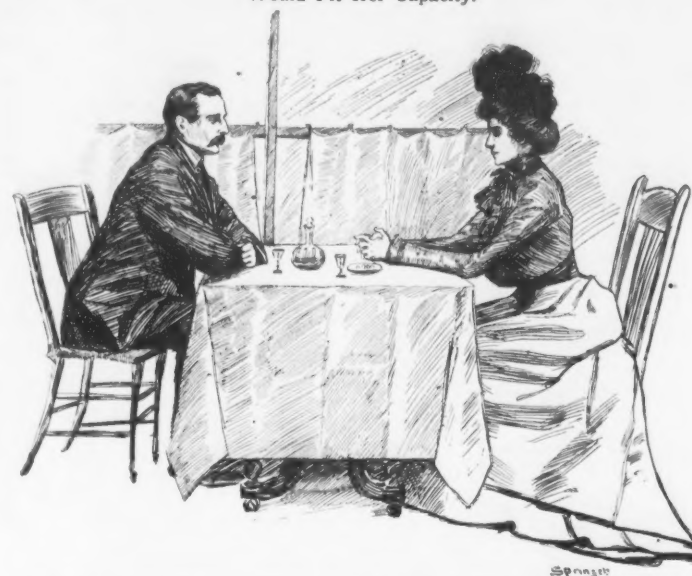
So human souls shine out in darkest
 hours.

And blossom in distress.
 Above the tide of suffering and pain
 Their spirits' song leaps upward, sweet
 and clear.

Telling of summer sunshine after rain,
 Of trust and hope and cheer.

"I see that Aguilardo is dead
 again." "That shows how a habit
 can get fixed on a fellow."—Cleveland
 "Plain Dealer."

Would Fit Her Capacity.



She—I don't know what I want. I can't eat more than two bites, anyhow.
 He—Then have one of their "nice plump chickens," cold.

Our Preachers.

Things Toronto Needs. Home Life in the Flat.

ONE hears various criti-
 cisms of our city preach-
 ers, and it is peculiar
 how critics disagree, owing
 to their diverse points
 of view. "He's a
 preacher for me—never
 goes over the quarter-hour
 limit—says what he has to say with-
 out straying all over the continent,"
 said the football player. "We are very
 blessed in our pastor," said a good
 mother, genially. "He sticks to the
 Gospel, and always gives one a good
 thought to take home." "The most
 wearisome of men," sighed a bright
 woman, of the same divine. "He
 mauls on, repeating texts and
 platitudes till I long to shout, 'Oh,
 hold your tongue!'" The boy yester-
 day delivered a novel verdict: "Great
 preacher!" he said, emphatically. "Two
 hundred and eighty words a minute!"
 and the youngster poked his short
 hand scribbler and sheaf of pencils
 deep into his Sunday coat and raced
 off to "take" his pet preacher.

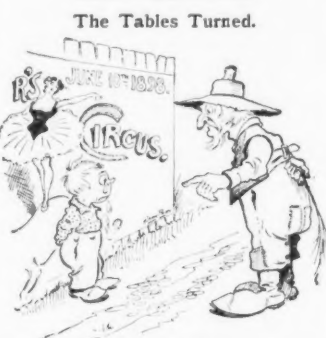
I have just dismissed a Southern
 friend who is going about raving over
 Canada. After he had told me what
 Muskoka was like, and how he was on
 his way back to Charleston to meet
 some people who wanted a club loca-
 tion in Canada's backyard, and who
 couldn't believe in its beauties and
 healthfulness, and sent him to spy
 out the land, and how he was going
 to enlighten them, till the X-rays
 would take a back seat before his
 flood of illuminative rapture, he fin-
 ished by asking, "What the mischief
 are your people thinking of not to
 build a swaggar hotel west of
 Simcoe street? Don't you know the
 money it would bring if you made it
 big and swell enough? Why, I can
 tell you Toronto'll never move along
 properly until you get a place for us.
 Do it, and we'll spend over half the
 year with you; and all our money!"

A big, handsome hotel, run in city,
 not back township style, and a lot of
 residential flats, are things Toronto
 needs worse than religion. "You
 would wreck our home life?" asks one
 woman, chiding me on the flat ques-
 tion. And after a seance in which she
 related to me the delights of her
 "home life," the quarrels with the
 landlord, the vagaries of the servant,
 and the difficulties of retaining the
 services even of the impudent wench
 on whom she depended for the renova-
 tion of the household linen, and the
 partial destruction by cookery of the
 family food, I said to her calmly, bra-
 zenly: "Yes; that's the best thing to
 do with such a home life!" In a flat,
 work is minimized, conveniences are
 provided and multiplied; space, of
 course, is circumscribed, but, better
 a tight-fitting flat than a spacious
 battleground; better a breakfast of
 plain things one gets oneself than a
 dejeuner served with frowns and
 brawls and impertinence. It is the
 middle-class, small household with its
 dependence on the maid of all work,
 "be she saint or be she devil," which
 will be happily emancipated in a flat—
 just a husband and a wife, a bairn or
 two, or the mother of one of the flat-
 holders; these little families, where
 perhaps both husband and wife are
 employed, if the bairns lack to them,
 or where daughter or son is "in an
 office" instead of idly lounging, or
 muddling in uncongenial housework.
 True, the flat must sometimes be
 looked after with a broom; but 'tis a
 small matter, the affair of a few min-
 utes—and the coal, the ashes, the
 snow, and the gas bill cease to torment
 and harry the souls of their victims.
 With competent, respectful and will-
 ing servants, nice situation, good
 plumbing, and sufficiently furnished
 and well-planned houses, the home
 life certainly discounts the flat dwell-
 ing, but in absence of them, one or
 all, the home life becomes a dreary
 thing, from which the flats are a
 haven of rest.

The popular superstition that home
 life means a front stoop and a back
 yard, and a roofed-in section with a
 front door to which no one has a
 latch-key but the home-liver, is fast
 becoming a thing of the past. Co-operative
 housekeeping, "where everything
 tastes alike," as a bright observer ex-
 pressed it, may give one a transient,
 unreliable, hotel-like flavor; but it is
 not so in the flat. On the twenty-foot
 level, one may build a home and a
 home life, and so on, up to the 'steenth
 story! One has one's own wee kit-
 chen, ice-box—even one's own front
 door—on one's own level! There is
 even the fire escape to take the even-
 ing air on. By the way, that is often
 the sore point about flats, the un-
 sightly uses to which each flat puts
 its section of the fire escape. Some-

times in Gotham, it's quite a bit of fun
 to study them from a back window.
 Nothing on the lowest landing, flow-
 ers in boxes on the second, dish towels
 on the third, bottles of milk on the
 fourth, a small go-cart and a small
 dog-kennel on the fifth, a parrot us-
 ing low language unbecoming his ex-
 alted position on the sixth, and on the
 top one a dainty awning, with vines
 peeping round the black bars of iron
 which support the airy platform. If
 you use your wits, you can generally
 guess pretty accurately as to the
 identity of the tenants. The ground
 floor is not residential; then come a
 bachelor and his valet; then a family;
 then three art-student ladies; then
 a widow and her small boy; then an
 old maid; then a theater star, with
 roof privileges (once I witnessed a
 wondrous exercise of them, when the
 star gave a moonlight roof supper
 to some half-dozen other stars, comets
 and twinklers extraordinary). Not
 one of those flat-dwellers bothered
 their heads over the rest, except when
 the art students inadvertently wat-
 ered the bachelor's flower boxes with
 dairy produce, or the parrot volubly
 swore at the opera lady, and that one
 sifted red pepper down on pretty Polly!
 LADY GAY.

The Tables Turned.



Farmer Greene—Now, Willie, if ye dar-
 ter go to a circus before ye are twenty
 one, I'll lick ye within an inch er yer life.



Little Willie (two years later)—Hain't
 er workin' ter day, dad; goin' ter th' circus.

Open to Two Constructions.

A clothing merchant had a big lot of
 suits that he had bought at a bargain,
 and, by putting a price of \$10 on each,
 he thought they would sell rapidly,
 for they were of exceptionally good value
 for that money. He put one of the suits
 on a dummy and set it in front of his
 shop, with a sign above its neck which
 one of his smart clerks had painted on
 a piece of cardboard. This announced
 the price. Then he and his clerks pre-
 pared to do a rushing business. The
 hour passed and no one came in to buy
 the suits. This caused the merchant to
 wonder, and at length he determined
 to go out and take a look at the sam-
 ple suit and the sign. This is what he

DON'T JUGGLE
WITH ALL THE SAME DRESSINGS
IN THE MARKET
YOUR SHOES DESERVE THE
BEST TREATMENT POSSIBLE
AND GET IT BY THE USE OF
PACKARD'S DRESSINGS
25¢ AT ALL SHOE STORES
W. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL

found on the sign: "These suits \$10.
 They won't last long." Pedestrians
 passing by saw the sign and smiled at
 its frankness. The merchant tore the
 sign from the suit, and the clerk who
 designed it started out to look for an-
 other job.

"Jack lost his head, but Miss Lovie
 showed great presence of mind."
 "What did she do?" "Put hers on his
 shoulder."—"Town Topics."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
 graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
 quests correspondents to observe the following
 Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
 of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
 ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
 answered in their order, unless under unusual
 circumstances. Correspondents need not take
 up their own and the Editor's time by writing
 reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
 tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
 4. Please address Correspondence Column.
 Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
 are not studied.

Bob S.—The worthy impulse of the en-
 quiring mind, my good Bob. Such in its
 fullest development as led the old coura-
 geous heathen and other single-minded
 folk to shuffle off this mortal coil to see
 what came next. Such one sees every
 day in the small boy who cuts open his
 drum to locate its noise and rips up his
 sister's dolly to find out the inspiration
 of her squeak. It sends Englishmen into
 jungles, acrobats into the clouds and
 Arctic explorers into the frozen North.
 They all want to find out! And you,
 modest fellow, come to a graphologist!
 2. Your writing shows great suavity and
 sweetness of character and temper.
 adaptability, imagination and an optimis-
 tic temperament. You are certainly curi-
 ous, have a good opinion of yourself, like
 harmony and would be tactful and sym-
 pathetic. You are not secretive, but have
 discretion and reliability. The study is
 buoyant and vital, but not very indicative
 of the sterner traits. A most lovable
 person, I fancy. I did not go to see "Quo
 Vadis" or "The Sign of the Cross." The
 early Christian period was so awfully
 uncomfortable that it gets on my nerves,
 therefore I don't enjoy studying it. Why
 repeat in imagery all those violent, gory
 affairs?

Darling—Don't keep you waiting? My
 dear, don't be a donkey. I am sure I
 don't know where your silly little en-
 quiry comes from—out of some goose's
 quill, you may depend. Your writing is
 as crude as your spelling and perhaps
 you wouldn't care for its dissection. I
 wouldn't do a thing to it!

Jill C.—It is a very worthy hand, my
 dear, devoid of every interest and pain-
 fully anxious and careful in each line.
 The tendency is optimistic and the will
 firm and constant. If your actions were
 as strong as your demands and wishes
 you'd be a female Hercules. But there
 you go, plodding along, honest, truth-
 ful, devoid of diplomacy, and running
 your life in danger against a grapho-
 logical column.

Toby, X. Y. Z.—Your birthday brings
 you under the influence of the sign Virgo,
 and you should make a most excellent
 and devoted nurse. The September sign,
 Virgo, rules from the 22nd of August to
 the 22nd of September. Your lines show
 much materialism. As the sign Virgo is
 an earth sign—each sign being akin to
 one of the four elements—you need to de-
 velop spirituality. There's no limit to
 the good you may do and the progress
 you may make psychically if you start in
 earnest to waken up. It is a fine, strong,
 able study. Of course, I've lost track of
 your other letter.

Karkhe—That's a new way of handling
 the unbecoming shade! And do I ever
 go to Ottawa? Oh, come now, do you
 ever read Saturday Night? And was I at
 the drawing-room and how about that
 curtsy of yours? "Tis quite a ticklish
 moment, isn't it? I am glad you at last
 more than "felt like" writing me.
 2. Your writing shows strong nervous
 force, independent thought, self-reliance,
 self-assertion, a very slight degree of
 egotism, rather sharp and critical judg-
 ment, enterprise and adaptability. You
 have talent and observation and are a
 careless of details. Do you always act
 in haste and repent at leisure? 'Tis a
 bad habit, especially the latter half of
 it. Your practical sense keeps you from
 many a pitfall—and you're decidedly at-
 tractive.

Lillian—Orderly, practical, determined,
 tenacious, somewhat ambitious, fond of
 beauty, pleasant-tempered, discreet in
 speech, conservative and capable of loyal
 and deep affection, honest, sometimes
 impatient, and when put upon trial sure
 to come out with credit. You can rise to
 an occasion, though not very buoyant.

Jumbo—A generous, positive and very
 dominant person, tenacious of rights and
 firm in opinions, fond of change and not
 particularly constant in affairs of the
 heart. Writer has unusual force and a
 good deal of courage. It's a well-con-
 trolled and very independent person, not
 very quick in perceiving delicate matters,
 but who would, I think, not like to be
 accused of dullness. The whole study is
 instinct with force, life and broad in-
 dividuality. It is an ugly one to come in
 contact with in the way of contradiction.
 Writer is strongly partisan and would, I
 think, be conservative and unperceptive
 in some things.

Molly Bawn—Might against right on
 the war question. Oh, go to! thou pro-
 Boer! If you had dear friends out there
 starving and shivering and dying, and
 God pity us—dead, in the full prime of
 manhood, I'd not hear you talking like
 that! Don't admire me any more, woman
 alive! At least not till this cruel war is
 over and the world is a better place.
 I'm feeling a bit sore over things
 this week and just ready for a fall wid-
 ed you, Molly Bawn, my dear! If I delineat-
 ed you, I'd not do it fairly, so I just
 won't.

Florence O.—I did I ever snowshoe?
 Yes, my dear, till I was drunk with the
 glorious air and wild with the way the
 red blood pumped through my old corpse.
 It's truly the most delightful Canadian
 sport, agree with you, but since this
 old winters have gone out of fashion we
 don't get much of it, do we? I quite en-
 joyed your description of your four-mile
 tramp. 2. Your writing shows imagina-

tion, much quiet force, some tendency to
 pessimism, great brightness of percep-
 tion, warmth of feeling, tenacity, a gen-
 erally easy and pleasant disposition, gen-
 erosity and bit of self-esteem. I should
 think a large capacity for fun and en-
 joyment is yours.

JEFFREY'S LIQUID RENNET

Junket made from this Liquid Rennet
 is a wholesome and easily prepared
 dish for Dessert or Tea Table. The
 lightest and most grateful diet for
 Invalids and Children.

PREPARED BY

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COR. YONGE & CARLTON, TORONTO.

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Salt is of the first impor-
 tance, not only in the pre-
 paration and preservation of
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 A pure, soluble, wholesome
 Salt is a necessity in every
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572 Queen Street West....." 139

324 Yonge Street....." 329

301 Queen Street East....." 134

O'Keefe's Special

Turn It Upside Down

Studio and Gallery

Q UITE a characteristic account of the differences of costume, apparent to even a man body, of the women attending the Fair at Paris appeared in the "Illustrated London News." The sensible, well-balanced, practical Englishwomen—and here we include Canadians—who their trim, neat, tailor-made gowns, well off the ground, and made of cloth warranted to brush; the self-contained, also practical, not-to-be-fooled "American" arrayed for business, with an eye to comfort and the dispensing of superfluities; the dainty, extravagant, artistic Parisienne, with gown of silk and softest materials trailing through all the dust and off-castings of the throng of humanity around her, so utterly conventional as to be beyond the power of breaking the prevailing horror of a trailing gown on the street—and what a sight is that, especially with chiffons and muslins and silks. But the writer is at his best in speaking of the German women. We have the greatest respect for the typical German mind. It bred the Reformation, and has been the least swayed by prevailing currents of human emotion. But their women cannot be accused of being artistic—or at least dainty—either in dress or form. What a series of lines and circles a Flanders woman's dress is. But hear our artist of London. He says:

"The German woman is much more efficiently equipped than the English one, but, oh! what a falling off is there! Khaki is in all conscience ugly enough in its hue, but it is a delight to the visual organs in comparison to the hue of the German woman's outer garments. Helme called Ary Scheffer's 'Gretchen' a symphony in snuff and soft-soap. I have not the vocabulary of the author of the 'Reisebilder,' but let the reader should be unwilling to let me off on that plea. I can only compare the tints of the German woman's travelling dress to a fugue in sedge-covered blige water. Her dress is also well off the ground, too much of the ground, for Sir John Suckling would have hanged himself in despair could he have seen the feet flopping from beneath it. Mice, forsooth! I can find no figure for them. They are like small tortoises. And the way she uses them is in perfect keeping with her off-encanted principle that she does not walk for show, but to get over the ground. If she only shone at the other end! Her head, as it happens, is less attractive than her feet, and if she were a Venus or a Psyche—and some of those German women and girls are decidedly good-looking—her hat would neutralize her natural charm of face. Of her waist, the least said the better. 'Her waist is larger than her life, for life is but a span,' said Oliver Wendell Holmes of his aunt."

To build and furnish a house is no easy matter. Beauty, utility and cost are three items, hard at times to keep in due balance. The architect worries us through them usually as far as the bare building is concerned. Here we need stray little. But when the woman's part comes in, and the house is to be converted into a home, our home, then is the feminine mind perplexed and divided midst many alternatives. And do we really understand how a bit of color, the arrangement of the conventional spaces and their intelligent treatment in a home go to make life easy or hard, soothing or irritating? Our tendency to-day is to overwork. In the perplexing array of material placed before the furnisher in the shops, in the difficulty of discriminating between the fads of the moment and the enduring artistic object, many live to regret rash purchases. It is the business of the shopkeeper to cater to the moment, not so much to set standards. A fad breaks out in different directions. Some time since I took the shape of darkest papers suffused with gilt, so that every home under its sway was made a stage for tragedies. Some people delight in tragedies anyway. They never go to a play unless it be a tragedy. For us, the tragedies lie so thick around, we care not to conjure imaginary ones. No home should be a gilded sepulchre. A long course of study and observation, indeed travel as well, alone fits one to come to individual conclusions regarding art in the home. The necessity of a go-between at times of building and furnishing is keenly felt by many. We have often thought that Toronto must at some time furnish a good field for an artist in interior house decoration; such an individual as might be consulted and his advice relied upon, and who, having none but artistic interests to serve, could be trusted to serve only the best interests of the client.

Miss Lillian Vaux Evans purposes to

attempt the filling of this gap—for the gap between the buyer and purchaser exists. She will advise any concerning entirely new furnishing or combinations of older material with the new additions so often needed. If need be, she will send to the best manufacturers of the goods desired, although preferring to purchase here. She will decorate walls, as she has done in very many cases, with differing materials; advise regarding draperies, furniture, the combinations of color, etc., in a room. We saw, recently, some of the daintiest blinds of cream silk, with lace insertion, made to her order, bearing all the marks of the individuality and simplicity of true art. Miss Evans visited lately the leading centers of the United States and investigated the field of interior decoration there, and has brought with her many samples of fine goods. Besides, leading city merchants will



EXAMPLES OF CANADIAN ART, No. 8—VIEW AT JAFFA BY F. S. CHALENER, R.C.A.

place their samples in Miss Evans' hands. She will not be in any sense the agent of these, but will, we believe, give conscientious judgment on all art matters.

W. St. Thomas Smith intends searching at home this season for his favorite marines, and hopes to find them on the coast of Nova Scotia and its vicinity. There is surely material for the artist of picturesque setting to stormy waters, there.

George Chavignaud, whose recent sale of Dutch water colors proved successful beyond his expectations, is taking out a class in sketching, and was last week at Meadowdale. A season's sketching with Mr. Chavignaud will be an excellent preparation for the artist who has Holland in view later on.

Miss Sydney Tully will seek art matter where it is so plentiful near home, viz., in old Quebec, with its primitive interiors, quaint streets, old gates and towers. Last season Miss Tully brought home several successful pieces from there.

Miss Heaven intends pursuing her studies in Holland this summer. Work of brilliancy of color appeals to Miss Heaven, and she will have some difficulty, we would imagine, in absorbing Dutch greyness.

Miss Beresford Tully goes to the mountains for change and rest.

Miss Hagarty relinquishes her studio in York Chambers for the summer and will, no doubt, make good use of the time in securing material for winter's work.

O. P. Staples, meanwhile, is absorbing all local scenery within reach and studying its art expression.

Miss Spurr, with some artist friends, purposes spending some months at Cape Cod. Miss Lamuel is with her.

Edmund Morris goes to Muskoka and later on to Quebec.

Two exhibitions of the work of artists who are aiming at making works of art out of photographs, have been held recently—one in Chicago and

another in Philadelphia. Amongst these are artists who are professionally portrait painters, some of them quite far up in this branch of art. Many portrait artists commenced with photography and emerged into portraiture. But safer is the art which inverts this order, and gives the artist the knowledge of the terrain in portrait painting and its necessary limitations in photography. Miss Rose Clark, of Buffalo, is one who has been especially successful in child portraiture. Her little ones on canvas are very lovable objects. Her style is broad and free. One might think that she had been influenced by the study of Velasquez, but Miss Clark has never been abroad, and has come to her style by private experimenting. This month's "Brush and Pencil" gives some illustrations of her work in photography. These are not at all superior to some to be seen in her



EXAMPLES OF CANADIAN ART, No. 8—VIEW AT JAFFA BY F. S. CHALENER, R.C.A.

studio in Buffalo. Monday of every week she devotes to photography. She charges \$10 a sitting. She takes sometimes a dozen negatives before she is satisfied, and charges \$3 for each finished photo. The finishing process she leaves to her companion in work, Mrs. Wade. Next to a good portrait in color is an artistic photograph, and these are the aim of many good artists.

The two paintings of "Americans" which attracted such attention at the recent exhibition of the Elliott Club, in Buffalo, "Oxen Drinking," by Horatio Walker, and "Dreaming," by Cecilia Beaux, are to remain in the Buffalo Public Library for the summer, and are, of course, for public view.

The Provincial Gallery in the Normal School Building has been undergoing some renovating and rearranging. The terra cotta of the walls has been replaced by a pronounced green, cooler in feeling and a better backer of pictures, bringing out much more forcibly their strong points. The pictures, which are the property of the Government, have been removed en masse, and their places filled by others by members of the Ontario Society of Artists. Almost all the reputed artists of the O.S.A. are represented, and the collection is a fair sample of their work. The collection taken down makes a very good display, indeed, and one must feel somewhat proud of our provincial art in viewing it. This Government collection is, we understand, to proceed to different points in the province for a stay of long or short duration. This is as it should be, both from the standpoint of the Education Department and from that of the artists. People chary of provincial art may have their courage developed to the point of purchasing local art when they see this very good display under the certified wing of the Government.

JEAN GRANT.

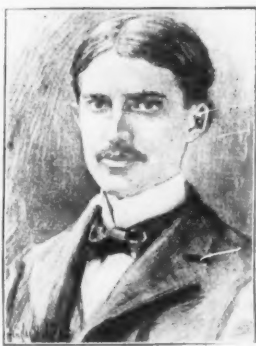
A Conscienceless, Untidy, Drab, Cadaverous Man.

HE late Stephen Crane does not appear to have been a very admirable person when viewed at close range. Charles Michelson, a well-known newspaper man, who was with Crane as a war correspondent in Cuba, wrote this character sketch of the author some months ago, before Crane was attacked by his last illness:

An estimate of Stephen Crane must be an analysis of two people. Crane the writer is everything that Crane the man is not. The artist is sensitive, serious, painstaking, conscientious and industrious, imbued with almost perfect taste. The man is flippant, careless, indolent, selfish and an offender against most of the canons of society.

When his recent book of poems was published those who knew him by his work were aghast at the tawdry balderdash. They sought to find some esthetic meaning in "Her Little, Little Shoes," and falling gave it up. They read over "The Red Badge of Courage," but in the clear, clean English of the book there is no hint to afford a clue to the literary misdeed he has just committed. To those who know Crane apart from his stories there was no mystery in the verses. It was simply that the personal Crane had got hold of the literary man's pen—a mishap always likely to occur in a dual personality.

A year and a half ago he returned to this continent from England to see the war. He had been a great success in England, as every storywriter who rings true seems to be, and everybody looked for something wonderful when the high lights of war flashed into the splendid camera which is his mind. The papers bid high for his work, but I do not think any newspaper that secured it was satisfied with the return. His war reports first in the New York "World," then in the "Journal," were characterless and scant. Richard Harding Davis, with a fraction of his skill and power, did immensely better. Yet Crane saw it all. War showed in him a cold courage remarkable even at a time when bravery was a commonplace, and an endurance totally at variance with his slight physique. Wherever men were being killed most bravely there was Crane. In the trenches at Guantanamo with the marines, at Caney helping to bring in the wounded Rough Riders, at San Juan Hill, in Porto Rico, Crane



THE LATE STEPHEN CRANE.

was ever in the thick of it, always the same desolate, disconsolate figure, with his ragged overalls and buttonless shirt flapping about his emaciated limbs. He was the dirtiest man in an army that had no time to wash and no clothes to change. But while the soldiers were bound to their posts and could not trim up, the novelist was almost every day in contact with the contact never seduced him from his untidy jeans.

A question I have often heard asked whether Stephen Crane in his oblivion to ordinary requirements and disregard of civilized ethics is genuine or posing. It is a hard question to answer. During the long days and nights on the dispatch boats at sea

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.

he was a pleasant companion, but he had brought back a stock of Britishisms that he never tired of using. Everybody who did not please him was a "bleddy bounden," and he never failed to beg the rest of us to "buck up." In spite of this little affliction the idea of Crane taking the trouble to pretend anything seems ridiculous. He does not talk particularly well, probably for the same reason that he requires much time in which to do his writing, and he is devoid of other entertaining accomplishments. Be it recorded to his credit, however, his head is not a bit swelled by success. He cannot be coaxed to talk about his books—or, for that matter, anybody else's. Serious conversation is a thing to him unknown. If he is with men who insist on it he will try to turn the current with fantastic whimsicalities, and if that fails he mopes by himself until the time for grave talk is done.

There is in Crane's disavowal of responsibility or obligation no intentional meanness. His money, when he has it, is at the disposal of anybody who is in his company. It goes through his hands like water. He will throw

to any beggar. On the other hand, Crane is likely to do the cruelest things with as little thought of cruelty as a baby pulling off a fly's wings. When Crane returned from the West Indies after the war he brought with him a young colored boy he had picked up at St. Thomas. The lad had never been off the little island, where he was born, but Crane thought he would look well among his Greek servants—souvenirs of the Graeco-Turkish war—in the home he has established in a suburb of London. Crane was very fond of the boy. On the way up the tropic-reared lad suffered from the cold, and his master gave him his overcoat and shivered in the evenings himself. Crane did not go to England at once, but charged off to Havana to describe the transformation from Spanish to American. He never gave the West Indian boy a thought, but cut him adrift in New York, and never even made inquiry about him when he passed through the city months later on his way to England. He had simply forgotten all about him.

There is a great deal of gentleness in Crane's make-up, nevertheless. Only two things seem to excite his wrath—business and Richard Harding Davis. He and Davis were the two lions of the army. All the officers were anxious to meet them and extend them courtesies. Davis fitted into the situation beautifully. He was a perfect picture of a war correspondent—a full-grown illustration by Gibson. His neat khaki uniform was never crumpled or soiled; his outfit was complete. He had more invitations to join the messes than any civilian with the army. With poor Crane it was different. The officers were never sure that the ragged, drab, cadaverous man presented to them was the great Stephen Crane. Crane did not like the trim company of the wearers of epaulettes, but he hated to witness the social success of his rival. He included Davis among the "boundens." Davis, more polite, though no less jealous, used deftly to slip Crane a compliment. "There never was another man," he would say, "who could have written that vivid, living story of the battle of Valtorino without having actually seen it." And Valtorino is Crane's pet experience. He was on the Greek firing line all through the battle, and participated in all the horrors of the retreat. Davis' suggestion that his story was a piece of fiction used to drive him wild.

If he lost the pleasant company that honored his kempt fellow novelist, Crane did not lack society. By the same instinct that a quail set free in a strange country ignores pigeons, doves and partridges, and knows the bob-white for his kind, so Crane in Porto Rico discovered the rebels against conventionality among the natives. Far in advance of the last American outpost, in this disturbed village or that, Crane found unerringly the town scapegrace, the local ne'er-do-well, and the rest of the coterie which hung around the fonda while honest people were tending store or working in the coffee or cane. Though he did not know their language, and they knew no word of his, he led their revels, and they opened their arms to him, and all the town held for such as they was his.

Reading over what I have written, it seems rather a harsh picture of the man. Let me shade it with one more incident: We were all leaving Porto Rico. The steamer that was to carry Crane and his fellow-correspondents back to the United States was waiting. Everybody else was on board, but there was no sign of Crane. The steamer's whistle blew, and blew in vain, and finally we started a search expedition after him. In a clump of banana trees we found Crane, standing beside the white, flea-bitten pony that had carried him all over the island. The tears were running down his cheeks.

"Good-bye, El Dog, good-bye," Crane blubbered, and then he put his arms around the pony's neck and cried. Crane did not speak a word on the way to the steamer. Once on board he turned to look back, and there, at the edge of the banana patch, stood his horse watching him. As long as that white spot against the dark green could be seen from the ship Crane waved his handkerchief.

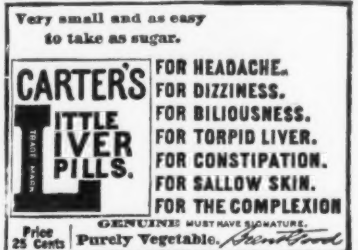
"Were you interested at the piano recital?" asked the musician. "Well,"

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

answered Mr. Cumrox, "It was a little slow at first; but after I caught the spirit of it, and got to guessing with the others whether it was time to applaud or only a rest, it got to be quite a game."—Washington "Star."

Curing Dyspepsia

Is Simplicity Itself When DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets are Used.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets don't cause feverish over-stimulation of the digestive organs. Their effect is to strengthen and reinvigorate the stomach, while they are digesting the food.

In effect, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets say to the worn-out, exhausted stomach: "You take a day off. Let me do your work for a while; you just take it easy, and rest." Then they go to work, and the effect is marvellous. The food is digested, dyspepsia disappears, indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, etc., vanish. The stomach grows strong, healthy, vigorous, able to digest any food supplied to it. The blood becomes pure, the nerves that were shattered by indigestion or dyspepsia become steady and healthy, and the irritable, fault-finding man or woman becomes pleasant, genial, and sunny-natured. All because he or she used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and the smaller tablets that are in every box.

The manner in which these changes are made is simplicity itself. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act in place of the stomach till the stomach regains its strength. At the same time they tone it up and nourish it.

Try the treatment yourself. Give your stomach a holiday. Give Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a chance. They'll positively do the work.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a full double treatment for stomach and bowels, are for sale by all druggists.

Early Summer Advertisements.

Will the Seashore Lady who exchanged handbags with Mountain Gent at the Union Station last Friday by mistake please re-exchange with undesignated, as he can't shave with curling irons, play golf in a silk robe de nuit, use a set of bangs for a tooth-brush, nor hunt deer in a seaside belle's bathing suit.—"Distress," Saranac Lake.

Wanted—Strong masculine hands on ladies' waists. Come early. "Silly House," King street.

Will the young lady who jumped into the surf at the Island last Tuesday while I was walking by and cried out to me "Success!" please take notice that I'm not one. The last time I responded to that cry it cost me \$20,000 breach of promise.—"Uptonsnuff."

Impeccable clubmen will find accommodations at "The Spout," at Lake Muskoka, and also at "The Heels," at Orillia, so that if you aren't up at the one you can be down at the other.—"Blings."

The hoarsest gent, who looked like the Duke of Devon and played the mandolin with his feet while both arms encompassed a slender waist by moonlight, may have his old room free of charge this season, as twenty-nine female bookings depend on his advent.—"Rightinit," proprietor.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

In All Walks Of Life

Health should be the first consideration. Everybody knows that yet how many people take care of their health as they ought to? How many people go scrambling along, putting off the slight necessary attention to their physical condition, or neglecting some little ill, until it becomes harder to cure?



Perhaps you are one of those "I'll-do-it-to-morrow" kind. You know that health is indispensable to success in any walk of life. You ought to know, if you don't already know, that

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Music.

MR. W. H. Sherwood, the well known piano soloist of Chicago, who is in town conducting the examinations of the Conservatory of Music, gave a very instructive and enjoyable recital last Monday evening in the concert hall of the institution. Mr. Sherwood, who always, on the occasion of his visits here, takes the opportunity of introducing something new to our piano students, presented as the novelty of the evening Bulow's exacting transcription of Wagner's *Ein Faust Overture*. Mr. Sherwood, in accordance with his usual custom, made a few remarks explanatory of each number on his programme. In reference to the *Ein Faust Overture*, he said that this work was, in his opinion, free from the characteristic faults of the composer—viz., excess of modulations and sequences, and too long drawn out phrases. While the transcription could not reveal the full beauties of the work, it made sufficiently conspicuous its merits and peculiar charm. Mr. Sherwood gave a fine and effective rendering of the overture, showing a large technique and all those nuances of touch and tone for which he is celebrated. Among his other numbers were Bach's *Bourree in A Minor*, Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*, Liszt's transcription of the *Allegretto* of Beethoven's 5th Symphony, Kullak's octavo study in E flat, Chopin's *Balade in F*, Liszt's *Third Nocturne* and *Dance of Gnomes*, Dupont's *Toccata di Concerto*, Raff's *Marchen (Fair Tale)* and *Templeton Strong's Midsummer Night's Dream*. The whole scheme had a distinct educational value, and was much appreciated by the large audience of students and amateurs.

"The Violinist" is the title of a little journal just published in Chicago devoted to matters connected with the favorite solo instrument. It should serve a very useful purpose, as something of the kind has long been needed by votaries of the violin. The number I have before me contains an article on the Art of Bowing and many good hints as to methods of cultivating the left hand technique.

The "Daily Graphic" pays the following tribute to the memory of the late Sir George Grove. "To a certain extent he did in music what Ruskin did in painting; he opened our eyes to the beauty of many a forgotten or neglected masterpiece, and by insisting upon the poetic value of music, he taught a doctrine which has too often been neglected by writers on musical matters. When the history of what has somewhat grandly been called the Renaissance of English music comes to be written, it will be found that the ultimate success of the movement was largely due to the inspiring and suggestive influence of Sir George Grove."

Mr. Schuch has issued invitations for a recital at the Normal School on Monday evening, when the programme will be provided by the pupils of his intermediate class. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children.

The piano department of St. Joseph's convent seems to be in a flourishing condition. This year double the number of pupils presented themselves for examination, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the examiner, speaks in the highest terms of the excellent work done by the sisters in charge. The following are the names of the successful candidates at the recent examinations—Senior grade—First class honors, the Misses Josephine Noble and Minnie Uricker. Intermediate Grade—First class honors, Miss Helen Petley; second class honors, Misses L. Guiry and Eva Wilson; pass, Misses Marie Murphy, Junior Grade—First class honors, Misses Marie Murphy and Mary Mulcahy; second class honors, Misses Mary Flanagan, A. Fogg and Maggie Noble; pass, Misses Maggie Conlon, Grace Frazenor and Mary Power.

At a recent meeting of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, England, Dr. Henry Hiles gave it as his opinion that the future of the music teacher was far from bright and rose. Teaching music, he said, did not offer anything like adequate reward except to a few fortunate individuals who succeeded more by the diligent cultivation of social influences than by any real or deserving talent. Musical men of high standing were scarcely able to earn bread and cheese. Dr. Henry Hiles remarked that ordinary people should not take up music as a profession. He believed, however, that there would always be "duffers" in the ranks, and that the really earnest musician would always succeed and always be in demand.

Mascagni's new opera, *Maschere*, will, we are told, be produced simultaneously in three cities, namely, at La Scala, Milan, the Constanzi, Rome, and the Fenice, Venice, on the same evening. The new opera requires the services of no fewer than three prime donne and four tenors. There is a prologue, which is, however, a spoken one, and will be delivered by actor or elocutionist. It is somewhat curious that Mascagni, who was the idol of the critics after his success in *Cavalleria*, is now mercilessly ridiculed by them and referred to as a sort of musical Barnum. En revanche, Mascagni takes every opportunity of condemning musical criticism and critics. In a recent letter he said that "musical criticism is always giving the worst of advice and helps powerfully to retard the natural development and evolution of music. And if the Italian school of music is now in a state of uncertainty, hesitating to take a definite path, the blame must be laid on the shoulders of the critics."

Who will say that music is not a healthy profession after reading the following paragraph from "Musical

Opinion" 2—"Who is the grand old man of music in England? The veteran Garcia, no doubt, who celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday the other week. Perhaps even Mr. Manns has some claim to the title. But, on the whole, commend us for professional activity to M. Jules Riviere, who at the age of eighty-one has just begun his duties at Colwyn Bay. Mr. Riviere has had a long and honorable career. In the palmy days of the French Empire he conducted orchestral concerts at that part of the old exhibition building in the Champs Elysees known as the Jardin d'Hiver. Riviere was a favorite of the Imperial Napoleon family. At the beginning of the sixties the conductor was discovered by Dion Boucicault, and induced to come to England to take charge of a small band at the Adelphi Theater. And in England he has remained ever since. Seven years ago he gave the world his *Musical Life and Recollections*. If he keeps up his activity much longer he will be able to write a supplementary volume."

Dr. Edward Fisher, it is understood, will accompany Mr. Vogt on his vacation trip to Germany and England. With two such keen observers to compare impressions we shall no doubt have some valuable notes on the state of music in Europe on their return.

An ingenious teacher, who found herself troubled by the constant occurrence of certain pupils getting tired of their pieces before they were mastered, owing to the habit of practising the most attractive parts to the neglect of the more difficult passages, found a remedy by cutting out of the copy of the piece delivered to the pupil all the difficulties and requiring them to be practised first before the rest of the composition was taken up.

This week is taking place the great Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, London, Eng. The chorus and orchestra number 4,000 performers. Mr. August Manns is the conductor. On Tuesday, June 19th, the "Messiah" was sung; the vocalists being Albani, Clara Butt, Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Thursday, June 21st, selections from secular and sacred works, including parts two and three of *Judas Macabaeus*, in celebration of the British successes in South Africa, the soloists being Albani, Lillian Blauvelt, Ella Russell, Marie Brema, Edward Lloyd, Ben Davies, Mr. Santley, and Andrew Black. Today, Saturday, is being given "Israel in Egypt," with Ella Russell, Clara Samwell, Clara Butt, Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Andrew Black as the soloists.

The Chester Festival takes place on July 22nd, 25th, 26th and 27th. Among the works to be sung are the "Hymn of Praise," "Elijah," Dr. Bridge's "Requiem" (composed expressly for this festival), "Song of Miriam" (Schubert), "The Deluge" (Saint-Saens, first production in England), "Hera Novissima" (Horatio W. Parker), "Hear My Prayer," and the ever popular "Messiah." Dr. Bridge is the conductor. The dates for the Hereford Festival are from Sept. 9th to the 14th. The Birmingham Festival takes place from Oct. 2nd to the 5th.

A musical event of interest in Bradford was a piano recital given by pupils of Miss Vida Broughton on the evening of the 15th inst. The piano work comprised solos, a trio for one piano and duets for two pianos. The pupils showed careful technique, and the various numbers were rendered with taste and good technique. In addition to the piano numbers, readings were given by Miss Midge B. Brown, M. B., in splendid style, and were greatly enjoyed by the audience. Mr. Victor Hutchinson, of the Jarvis street Baptist choir, sang a *Credo* Love Song and The Highwayman, impressing his hearers with the purity of his tones and the ease with which he sang the most difficult passages. He was obliged to respond to encores to each number. Miss Eva Edmondson, of Bradford, who is studying with Mr. W. E. Haslam, made her debut as a rising young soprano, and showed herself possessed of a voice of sympathetic quality, extensive compass and accuracy of pitch. Miss Edmondson is a cousin of the late S. R. Delaney.

At the concert hall of the Normal School a very charming piano recital was given on Monday evening by Miss Abbie M. Helmer, Miss May Wooley and Miss Gwendolyn Roberts, pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, assisted by Miss Bertha Rogers, vocalist, and Miss Lillian Burns, reader, both of the latter being members of the staff of the institution named. The piano performances were of rare order of merit from a technical consideration, and were still further to be admired for their genuinely musical quality, purity of tone being allied to expressional merit. It is in this regard that the superiority of the principles governing Mr. Forsyth's system of instruction is so manifest, and which has gained for him a special reputation. Needless to say, the programme was worthy of the occasion and also of what may properly be described as the brilliant qualifications of the performers. Miss Bertha Rogers' sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice was in evidence in two selections, to which she did, as usual, full justice. Miss Burns' success as a reader is so well understood generally that it requires no emphasis on this occasion. Her two numbers on the programme were given with admirable finish and delighted her auditors. Mr. Peter C. Kennedy played the vocal accompaniments with great skill and discretion.

The pretty village of Sharon, about two and a half miles from Newmarket, which is so well known to Elopists of Toronto by reason of its being on the road to Sutton, Keswick and Roach's Point, was the scene of some pleasurable excitement on Friday evening of last week, when a very successful and interesting concert was given in the Masonic Temple, which was crowded by a highly appreciative audience, made up of residents of Newmarket, Sharon, Queensville, and other places in the vicinity. The programme was supplied by Toronto artists. Miss Dora McMurtry, soprano, made a great hit in Ardi's popular waltz song, "Love in Spring Time," and sang very sweetly and sweetly. Mr. Caravan joined her in some duets, and sang in addition several patriotic songs. Miss Edith M. Spring, a talented pupil of Mr. J. W. Baumann, of Hamilton, contributed several violin solos, including Godard's "Berceuse," Boehm's "Spanish Dance," and De Beriot's "Air Varié," and delighted everybody with her neat execution and musical tone. Her playing reflected much credit upon the careful and thorough training of her teacher. The humorous element was supplied by Mr. James Fax, who created uproarious merriment by his funny songs and who received tremendous applause.

Mr. A. Van der Linde, the well-known teacher of singing and interpretation, is in town for the summer and has opened a studio at Room V, Yonge street Arcade, where he will receive pupils.

The seventeenth birthday of Karl Goldmark was celebrated in Vienna last month by a performance of his celebrated opera, "The Queen of Sheba." This work, which was once given in Toronto by the American Opera Company, found great difficulty in receiving recognition despite its obvious attraction. It took the composer ten years to get it accepted in Vienna. Fifteen years later it had its hundredth representation there. When Goldmark first went to Vienna he was only seventeen years old, and, we are told, had never seen a piano. He was the son of a poor Hungarian cantor, who had twenty other children and a salary of only 200 florins a year. Goldmark, however, managed to eke out a living by teaching and playing in orchestras until he was thirty, when his first important compositions were published.

CHERUBINO.

Dramatized Novels and Their Players

The following stars will appear next season in dramatizations of famous novels: Mary Mannering in Paul Leicester Ford's *Janie Meredith*. W. H. Crane in E. N. Westcott's *David Harum*. James K. Hackett in Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*. Henry Miller in Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold*. Viola Allen in Marion Crawford's *In the Palace of the King*. Henry E. Dixey in Dr. Mitchell's *The Adventures of Francois*. Wilton Lackaye in Jean Valjean, dramatized by himself from Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*. Marie Burroughs in *A Battle Scattered Hero*. Otis Skinner in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Prince Otto*. Sol Smith Russell in Martha Morton's dramatization of a famous novel. Julia Marlowe in *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. Red Pathway, by Mary Chalmers, has been dramatized for Daniel Frohman's stock company. Caleb West, by E. Hopkinson Smith, will have a production by Jacob Litt at the Manhattan Theater. Max O'Fallon, the comedian of the lecture platform, who was obliged to cancel the latter half of his very successful American tour on account of gastric trouble, has gone over to journalism for the nonce, and is contributing a weekly article to the New York "Journal." His last book, *Feminine Art*, which has appeared simultaneously in two languages, is the reverse of the usual process. Instead of dramatizing a novel he has "novelized" a drama. The book is the reproduction, in fiction form, of a play he wrote for Miss Olga Nethersole, by whom it was produced in America.

Concentration.

They meet with salutation. He is struck with admiration. She exerts her fascination—The result—captivation. Sudden but infatuation. Fervid steady adoration; She desires promulgation—He proposes—consummation. In the end amalgamation. This you find is concentration. —Lucia Watson.

Professional Amenities.

Editor of new paper—Have you seen our last number yet? Poet (who has just had a sheaf of sonnets rejected)—No; but I expect to in about a month.

A little husbandry removes weeds from a lawn—also from a widow's bonnet.

The worst of the average self-made man is in his wretched selection of pattern.

Clevertown—Do you think it possible to love two girls at the same time? Dashaaway—Not if they know it.

A bald-headed man appreciates the gift of a pocket-comb so much that he can't be induced to part with it.

If you want to be content and prosperous, sell ice in summer, coal in winter, seeds in spring, and loaf in autumn.

"Do you think, dear, you would love me any better if my hair were some other color?" "I don't know. What other colors have you?"

"Are you the best man at Brown's wedding?" "No; I attend as guilty bystander." "What do you mean?" "I introduced Brown to the bride last summer."

Sour-faced Woman—You get right

out of here or I'll call my husband. Tramp—Yer husband ain't home. Sour-faced Woman—How do you know he ain't. Tramp—I've allers noticed, mum, dat w'en a man is married to a woman wot looks like you he never is at home except at meal-time.—Rochester Sunday "Herald."

An English lady who sued her husband for a legal separation on the ground of desertion sent him the following letter: "This is to certify that I do hereby permit my husband to go where he pleases, drink what he pleases and when he pleases; and I furthermore permit him to keep and enjoy the company of any lady or ladies he sees fit, as I know he is a good judge. I want him to enjoy life, as he will be a long time dead."

Here are the meanings of gems as now understood in London: Azate (all colors), happiness, prosperity; amethyst (violet), humility and purity of heart; corneal, concord, happiness; diamond, reconciliation, affection; emerald, hope, fidelity; garnet, frankness; jasper, wisdom, courage; onyx (milky green), discord; opal, tears, pardon; rubies, beauty and elegance; sapphire, truth; topaz, passionate affection; turquoise, courage and hope.

The Prince and Athletics.

The active interest which the Prince of Wales takes in athletics was once more displayed at the village of Peterham, near Sandringham, on Whit Monday, when he selected a team for the tug of war, personally encouraged them, and had the satisfaction of seeing them win. This recalls the fact that at Dunrobin Castle in September, 1870, the Prince of Wales organized a cricket match against the servants on the estate, and scored six before he was bowled. Colonel Teesdale, Lord Carrington, Colonel Oliver Montagu, Lord Stafford, Lord Talbot, Sir F. Marshall and Sir F. Knollys were on the royal side, and among the spectators were the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Malden.—"Outlook."

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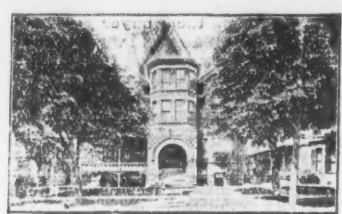
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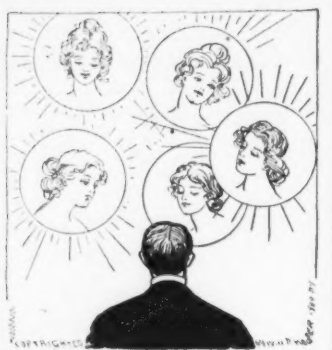
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On Tuesday, the 19th inst., Captain Joseph Goodwin, Jr., of the Island Park steamer "Ada Alice," was married to Miss Maggie Parkes, by the Rev. Mr. Ockley, of Berkeley Street Methodist Church. Miss Lillie Goodwin was a charming bridesmaid, whilst the groomsmen were Mr. George Parkes, brother-in-law of the groom. Later in the evening the happy couple crossed the Bay to their Island cottage amidst the screeching and tooting of steam whistles from the ferry craft. Upon arrival at Center Island a reception was held at the residence of Captain Joseph Goodwin, sr., when many summer residents were presented to the joyous couple and sincere felicitations were tendered. The young people were the recipients of many handsome presents from their mutual friends and relatives, including several individual gifts from sojourners on the Island, not the least acceptable of which was the presentation by Mr. G. N. Morrison, on behalf of a few Islanders, of a goodly sum of money.

Mr. C. L. Burton was the recipient of a large double figure Japanese bronze clock, with dainty silver shield suitably engraved, on the occasion of his marriage on the 12th inst. His associates and the employees of the company with which he is connected took advantage of this opportunity of showing in some tangible way the high esteem and affection in which he is held.

Rev. Canon and Mrs. Johnson, of Newcastle, have taken apartments at the Rossin.

Face
Massage

With our Hydro-Vacu accompaniment, and when given by our expert masseuse, will keep your face youthful for years. It rounds out the features, fills hollows, removes wrinkles, and makes the skin clear, firm and fine. Consultation free.

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Moles, etc., removed forever by Electrolysis—Satisfaction guaranteed. Skin and scalp diseases always cured. Send stamps for our books, "Health and Good Looks," and "About the Hair."

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The
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This splendid design is the pick of the latest London styles. In shape it is the exact counterpart of the head-dress worn by the New South Wales Lancers. Our buyer was on the spot when it had its introduction in England, selected it, and hurried it along to us. It comes in fine Milan straw braid, in colors of white, grey, brown and blue, with "khaki" and combinations of red, white and blue "puggaree," and regulation cock feathers. It's a very rich and striking creation and an advanced style.

\$3.00 to \$5.00

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Chirology, Manicure,
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Freckles and other blemishes absolutely removed without pain. Hair dressing, hair removing and hair growing. Private parlors for ladies.

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Assistant at their residences and apartments
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By MALCOLM W. SPARROW
It is meeting with great success.

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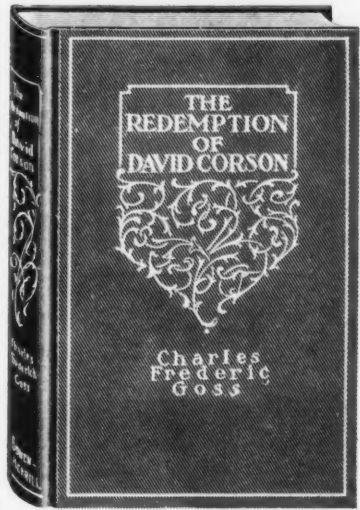
The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

418 PAGES

PAPER, 75c

CLOTH, \$1.25



THIS is a strong, beautiful, mid-century American story of youthful fervor and mysticism, of temptation and downfall, of deep remorse and sincere atonement.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of the book is its exquisite interpretation of nature. From the opening description of the lovely Miami Valley to the close appear many passages of rare beauty. It was evidently this intense appreciation of beauty which made David Corson love the first really beautiful woman he met, and with his passionate nature it is not surprising that it was an unreasoning, overbearing love which brooked no obstacle, and which finally stooped to degrading deception and real crime rather than give up his heart's desire. It is the fall of a young Lucifer. "The Redemption of David Corson" has been called an answer to "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

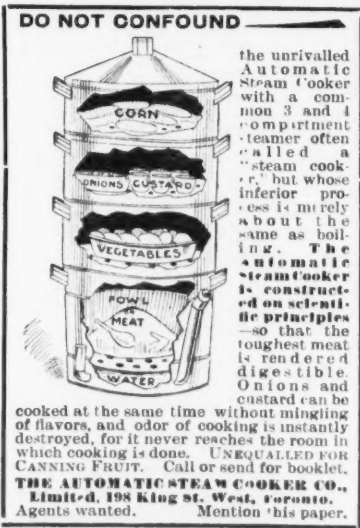
DR. E. C. RAY, Secretary Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies, writes:

"The author of 'The Redemption of David Corson' brings to our literature a new, strong, vibrant note. He has seership, the best boon of literature to blind mortals. He has skill to make us see what he sees. He sees men with the insight of Hawthorne and the eyes of Victor Hugo. His visions of nature and human nature lead one into a larger world in a kindlier and braver spirit. He sees the spirits that are behind the great movements of our time, and embodies them for us. Some of his characters are creations, all of them human. A scholar, a poet, a mystic, most of all a typical man from whom nothing human is alien, loving good and pitying where he cannot commend, he will fascinate all but the 'unco guid' who are above, or below, ordinary humanity."

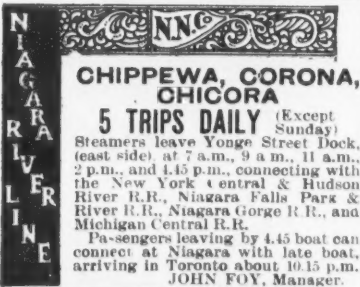
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the unrivalled Automatic Steam Cooker with a common 3 and 4 compartment steamer often called a "steam cooker," but whose inferior process is merely about the same as boiling. The Automatic Steam Cooker is constructed on self-acting principles—so that the toughest meat is rendered digestible. Onions and custard can be cooked at the same time without mingling of flavors, and odor of cooking is instantly destroyed, for it never reaches the room in which cooking is done. UNEQUALLED FOR CANNING FRUIT. Call or send for booklet. THE AUTOMATIC STEAM COOKER CO., Limited, 198 King St. West, Toronto. Agents wanted. Mention this paper.



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Applications will be received by the undersigned until MONDAY JULY 2nd, for the following Professorships in the University of Toronto:

1. International and Constitutional Law.
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The salary in each case is \$750.00 a year.

R. HARCOURT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION.
Education Department, Toronto, June 9, 1900.



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1000 ISLANDS

(The American Vessels, and shooting all the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where connection is made with the palatial steamers for quaint old Quebec, Murray Bay and the wonderful Saguenay River.

Commodious iron steamers "Hamilton" and "Algerian," constituting a semi-weekly service between Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, passing through Bay of Quinte district.

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NEW FAST STEAMER

Argyle

IN EFFECT JUNE 23, 1900

Leaves Geddes Wharf (West Side Yonge St.) every Wednesday and Saturday at 10.45 a.m.

For Rochester, all Bay of Quinte Ports, Kingston, Gananoque, and Thousand Island Points.

Special Excursion every Monday, leaving Toronto at 9 p.m., to Rochester and return.

For tickets, folders and information apply to all C.P.R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on Wharf.

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OPEN FROM JUNE TO SEPTEMBER
QUEEN'S HOTEL and COITAGES
Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Ten miles below Niagara Falls on Lake Ontario.
GOLF—Picturesque nine and eighteen-hole links. TENNIS—Finest turf courts in America. WHEELING AND RIDING—Picturesque roads and splendid paths. BLACK BASS FISHING. BEACH BATHING. RATES REASONABLE. Rooms on suite and with baths.

GEORGIAN BAY'S FAVORITE SUMMER HOTELS

The Belvidere

Parry Sound, the most beautifully situated Hotel in the north.

The Sans Souci

Moon River, P. O., considered the best fishing ground on the Bay. Write for Booklet.

James K. Paisley,
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TO RENT.

Balmy Beach, five-roomed cottage, good well, tank for soft water. Beautifully situated.

BON 37, SATURDAY NIGHT.

An Ideal Summer Resort

The Hotel Brant, Burlington, Ont.

Erected this year at a cost of \$100,000, will positively open July 2, 1900. Public and private bath-rooms, roof-garden, high class vaudeville entertainments nightly, orchestra afternoon and evening concerts. Rates, daily, \$2.00 upwards; weekly, single, \$10 to \$21, double, \$15 to \$30. Descriptive booklet on application. WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS, Proprietors.

BINDER TWINE FOR FARMERS

Binder Twine from the Central Prison, for the Season of 1900, will be sold to Farmers' or Farmers' Clubs, for their own use, in any quantity, from one bale to any number required, at the following prices per lb.

"Extra Standard," in bales of 50 lbs. each, 9 1/2c.

"Farmers' Special," in bales of 60 lbs. each, 11c.

Cash must accompany every order, or be received before twine is shipped; freight in all cases must be paid by purchasers, and orders will be accepted for full bales only.

In cases where a farmer orders a greater quantity than is required for his own use, the order must be signed by the persons joining in the order and the amount required by each must accompany it, as well as the Post Office address of each applicant.

The twine is well manufactured, every pound guaranteed of superior quality, and, if any prove faulty in use, on being returned money will be refunded.

"Extra Standard" is held only in small quantities, but "Farmers' Special," which will prove of special value to farmers using it, is in liberal supply.

Orders addressed to "The Warden, Central Prison, Toronto," will receive prompt attention.

JAMES NIXON,
Inspector of Prisons,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, June 1st, 1900.

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Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission on all principal Stock Exchanges.

Act as Agents for Corporations in the issue of Bonds and other securities. Transact a General Financial Business.

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or small ones—we provide the entire menu, including the wedding cake—our skill and experience ensuring perfection in every detail.

"Always at your service."

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High-class caterers.

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A Choice selection of the latest designs.

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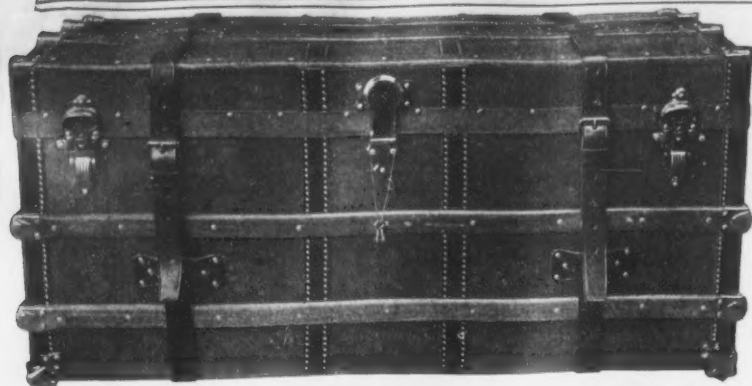
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... Dress Trunk ...

Style No. 860, 42in.—\$21.00

HOW uncomfortable and annoying it is to reach one's journey's end and find that the Gowns have been all tossed about in the Trunk. With the DRESS TRUNK there is no chance of that happening. One's gowns are all strapped into separate trays and fastened to tapes at each end, which always keep them in place no matter how the trunk is thrown about.

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TRUNKS BAGS SUIT CASES
FINE LEATHER GOODS

The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

LIMITED
105 KING STREET WEST.

A Clear Complexion; A Lovely Face;

BEAUTIFUL NECK; WHITE ARMS AND HANDS

Dr. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers
And FOULDS' Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap
WILL GIVE YOU ALL THESE.



If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleas, Worms, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of Dr. Campbell's Wafers and a cake of Foulds' Medicated Soap. Wafers by Mail, 50c. and 81c. 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap 50c. Address all mail orders to H. B. FORT, 20 Glen Road, Toronto.

LYMAN BROS., Wholesale Agents, 91 Front Street East

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA

Might as Well Have
the ComfortOXFORD
GAS
RANGEDon't You Think—When
It Means Money Saved?

They're not an extravagance but a real economy in dollars—because the gas required for an entire season costs much less than any other fuel. "OXFORDS" have patented burners that are extra economical, furnishing intense heat from very little gas—that's why they are so popular everywhere.

Call and see the many sizes and styles. Sold by leading dealers everywhere—at moderate prices.

GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge Street
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen Street West
The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Social and Personal.

A quiet, pretty wedding was solemnized at the Metropolitan Church on Wednesday afternoon, when Ida Margaret Kerr, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, became the wife of William Rustin Percival Parker, son of Rev. Dr. Parker. The father of the groom, assisted by Rev. Chancellor Burwash, officiated at the ceremony. The softened tones of the organ, at which Mr. Blakeley presided during the ceremony, added to the impressiveness of the occasion. The bride wore duchess satin and tucked chiffon, with rare old lace on the bodice. She carried white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were: Miss Estelle Kerr and Miss Olive Matthews. They wore white tucked organdy with insertions on bodice and skirt of Florentine lace, leghorn hats and masses of pink roses. The gifts of the groom to the bridesmaids were beautiful pearl wish-bones. Dr. D. Bruce Macdonald was groomsmen. The ushers were Mr. Peter McKenzie, London; Messrs. Casey Wood, Thrift Burnside and C. S. Macdonald. The wedding party was confined to relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride's mother wore a rich gown with pale grey chiffon, with Honiton lace and a touch of yellow and carried yellow roses and magnolias. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and pink peonies. After the ceremony a reception was held at 11 Madison avenue. Among those present were: Judge and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, and Mrs. Will Jones, Brantford; Dr. and Mrs. Balfie Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. George C. Campbell; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin; Mrs. Jarvis; Mr. and Mrs. S. Alfred Jones; Miss Susanne Mara; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Matthews; Miss Amy Louie and Helen Matthews; Miss Amy Douglas; Colonel and Mrs. C. S. Jones; Miss Helen Harris; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Macdonald.

Mr. Horsey presided at the annual dinner of the R. C. Y. C. Bowling Association on Wednesday evening.

Short speeches and good songs were in order. Judge Rose, Professor Goldwin Smith and Messrs. D. E. Thomson, R. L. Patterson, A. W. Smith, R. Drummond, F. Arnold, Commodore Gooderham and J. E. Roberts contributed to the evening's entertainment. It is said that if the members of this club could bowl as well as they sing and speak their opponents would seldom win.

A very pretty house wedding took place on the afternoon of Thursday, June 14th, at 485 Euclid avenue, when Miss Ethel Sutherland, daughter of the late James Sutherland, of Winnipeg, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Edward Lawson, was married to Mr. William T. Joy, of West Toronto, by Rev. Mr. Lewis H. Hill, of Woodgreen Methodist Church. Little Miss Mary Butler, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid, and the groom's nephew, Master Sheppard, of Fiesherston, was best man. The popularity of the bride was evidenced by the numerous and handsome presents and by the large company of friends assembled to wish her God-speed on her life's journey.

Lake Ontario Nav. Co. ss. Argyle.

On Saturday, June 23, the new fast steamer Argyle of the above company will take her first trip for the season between Toronto and the Thousand Islands, calling at Charlotte (port of Rochester), thence across Lake Ontario, passing through by daylight, and calling at all the principal ports on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, Kingston, Ganarogue, Rockport (Thousand Islands), and Alexandria Bay, returning same way, thus giving passengers one of the most delightful trips out of Toronto. This steamer will also make a special trip to Rochester and return every Monday evening, leaving Toronto at 9 p.m., and arriving back at 5 a.m. Wednesday.

The Argyle is thoroughly up to date, electric lighted throughout, and has 70 beautifully fitted staterooms. The dining room is situated on the main deck, where it is cool and pleasant at

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No
Piano

has received anything approaching the same warm words of praise as have been bestowed upon the pianos made in this factory. There is no piano

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The Heintzman & Co.
Piano

WAREHOUSES:

117 King St. West, Toronto.

all times. It is presided over by a first class chef, and meals are served at very moderate cost. There is also a buffet, where lunches can be had at any hour. In fact, the company have not spared themselves any expense in order that the Argyle may be second to no steamer leaving Toronto this season.

The Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Co. announce that for the convenience of their Toronto patrons, the tickets over their line can now be bought at the offices of the C. P. R., Grand Trunk, or the Niagara Navigation Company, of this city. The rate is much less than the "rail rail," and is a pleasant diversion of a ride from Buffalo to Cleveland. Passengers leaving Toronto on the 2 o'clock Niagara boat make connection with the steamer at Buffalo, reaching Cleveland the following morning at 6.30. Copies of the company's illustrated tourist book will be mailed on receipt of postage (4 cents) by addressing W. F. Herman, G.P.A., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Thomson—On June 19th, at 172 Bloor street east, Toronto, the wife of McDowell Thomson, barrister-at-law, of a daughter.
Edgar—June 14, Mrs. J. F. Edgar, a daughter.
Martin—June 13, Mrs. L. K. Martin, a son.
Leonard—June 14, Mrs. C. J. Leonard, a daughter.
Stouffer—June 16, Mrs. J. Wesley Stouffer, a son.
Gibson—June 16, Mrs. T. M. Gibson, a daughter.
Taylor—June 18, Mrs. Taylor, a son.
McCrone—June 18, Mrs. D. McCrone, a daughter.
Greenwood—June 18, Mrs. (Dr.) A. B. Greenwood, a son.
Massey—June 20, Mrs. W. E. H. Massey, a son.
Tidman—June 15, Mrs. W. S. G. Tidman, a son.
Trimble—June 6, Mrs. W. J. Trimble, a daughter.
Seagram—June 11, Mrs. H. M. Seagram, a daughter.

Marriages.

Mills—Summers—On Wednesday, June 20th, at the Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. German, Miss Euphemia Summers, daughter of the late Alexander Summers of Toronto, to Frederick W. Mills of Hamilton.
Jones—McLaurin—June 20, Vankleek Hill, Ont., H. Carl Jones, editor Eastern Inland Review, to Lottie C. McLaurin, Creighton—Longhurst—June 16, Joseph G. Creighton to Jennie Florence Longhurst.
McDermid—Campbell—June 11, J. Wesley McDermid to Annie McVicar Campbell.
Phillips—Hutchinson—June 16, Arthur J. Philip to Alice Augusta Hutchinson.
Briggs—Wright—June 14, Alfred W. Briggs to Demeredy Firstbrook Wright.
Crappier—Smith—June 12, William Crappier to Annie Madeline Smith.
O'Neill—Lahey—June 18, T. J. O'Neill to Annie Elizabeth Lahey.
Hudson—MacKenzie—June 18, Hibbard H. Hudson to Mabel A. MacKenzie.
Parker—Kerr—June 20, Wm. Rustin Percival Parker to Ida Margaret Kerr.
Halls—McGill—June 20, Fred W. Halls to Florence Kate McGill.
Walton—Macfarlane—June 20, Albert E. Walton to Margaret Patterson Macfarlane.
Allison—Kinnear—June 19, Edward Robb Allison to Ada M. Kinnear.
Jamieson—Smith—June 13, Herbert J. Jamieson to Rosa C. Smith.
Howell—Knox—June 12, New York, Geo. Howell to Lucy Knox.
Rooney—Getchel—June 14, John J. Rooney to Mary E. Getchel.
Jennings—McWilliam—June 13, Harry Jennings to Jessie A. McWilliam.

Deaths.

Christie—June 14, William Melles Christie, aged 72.
Smart—June 14, Margaret Burns MacArthur Smart, aged 80.
Smith—June 13, Elias Smith, aged 80.
Stinson—June 13, Joseph Stinson, aged 47.
Bell—June 17, Mrs. William J. Bell, aged 40.
Breaker—June 18, Frank Breaker, aged 24.
Meredith—June 16, Mrs. Agnes Harper Meredith, aged 48.
Osborne—Alexander Bryson Osborne, aged 4.
Saylor—June 18, Mrs. John N. Saylor, aged 51.
Jones—June 19, William Jones, aged 75.
O'Malley—Mrs. Peter O'Malley.
Milroy—June 16, George Milroy, aged 21.
Wickson—June 20, John Wickson, aged 81.
Cunningham—June 13, Hattie Cunningham, aged 17.
Walmsley—June 18, Horatio Reginald Walmsley, infant.
Lighthorn—June 20, Mrs. Alexander Harvey Lighthorn, aged 67.

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Blue



Stamp

Good



News

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2—The Dominion Trading Stamp Co. have leased their present showrooms for three years longer.

3—Two carloads of new goods have just arrived and two more will be here Saturday.

4—June 23rd is the next Red Letter Day—a welcome to all.

5—During July and August the Toronto Showroom will be closed on Saturdays at 1 p.m., excepting August 4th, which is a Red Letter Day.

Showrooms
in
22 Cities.

Dominion Trading Stamp Co.

LIMITED,

Toronto Showrooms, 235 Yonge St.

TEL. 825

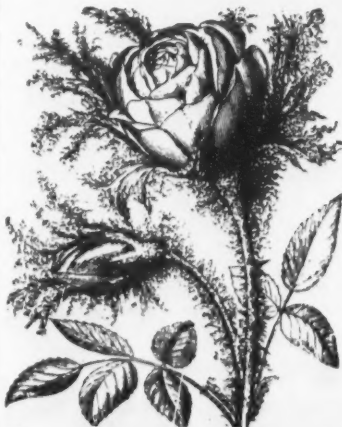
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A TASTELESS ODORLESS
NUTRIENT MEAT
POWDER

It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

DOMINION DYEWOOD & CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Sole Agency and depot in Canada for all BAYER'S Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale only)



HARDY ROSES

A fine assortment of the best and hardiest varieties, such as we know will stand our Canadian winters. Fine strong 3-year-old plants, 30c. each; \$3.00 per doz.

BOSTON IVY Fine well grown stock in strong 3-year-old plants at 50c. each; 2-year-old, 25c. each.

SHRUBS, GRAPE VINES,
CLEMATIS, Etc.

SWEET PEAS Our best mixture is composed of the newest and very best of the large flowering varieties in cultivation. Price per lb., \$1; 1/2 lb., 30c.; oz., 15c.

NASTURTIUMS Our Rainbow Mixture is superb, and is bound to give satisfaction—per oz., 25c.

Sow Queen City Lawn Grass

It's cheaper and better than sodding, and if sown now will soon make a fine green sward. Per lb., 25c.; large pkt., 10c.

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